THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII No. 1809

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

SEPT. 22 1934

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Newsletter

if we consider the time and money spent upon this item in the curriculum. And the uncertainty as to the value of handicrafts and art instruction is equally significant. There is a strong opinion that this item also is mere time and money thrown away and tends to unsettle the minds of those whose lives will be passed in the hard school of practical and mechanical tasks. One may fiercely contradict such a view but one cannot help being shocked at the lack of unanimity among the experts. The ratepayer and the taxpayer may well feel that they have poured out their savings into the gutter. Whether it is the fault of the teachers or whether it is the fault of the curricula which those teachers are compelled to carry out (and naturally the teacher, accused of incompetence, blames his tools), the conclusion of the whole matter is utterly appalling. Year after year we have waited in vain for a return on our millions spent on education. And now after a quarter-century, the latest "annual report" shows the board of directors wrangling hopelessly about a policy, and divided on the question of how best to employ the shareholders' money.

OATS AND SO ON.—Another bombshell thrown during the Silly Season by the scientists in conclave was designed to exterminate Scotland's national crop, oats. Dr. Johnson's great double-barrelled snub leaps to the memory. A detractor of Scotland had made the quip that what in Scotland was good for men, in England was food for horses (oats, in fact). And Johnson thundered back: "And where, sir, will you find *such* men and *such* horses." It is the perfect answer. And I am not sure it is not so still; a crushing rejoinder to the cocksure and iconoclast scientists of our age. Oats became Scotland's national crop as a result of centuries of experience of her soil and climate. The soil has not changed any more than human nature has changed. What has happened is that scientific invention has seriously reduced the demand for oats, food for horses *imprimis*. But a nation must produce its crops, not for the necessities of a year only. She must sow with an eye always on the future and on the evils and necessities which chance may bring. There was no surplus of oats in this country in the late War; and there is no clear evidence that efforts to find new markets for Scottish oats have been exhausted in failure. Certain it is that the Highland crofter could not in half a century be weaned from oats and find another means of employing the peculiar limitations of his soil and climate to adequate advantage. But we must not take these scientist-iconoclasts too seriously. It is the Silly Season and I fancy even the British Association is aware of the fact. They roar us like any sucking dove.

THE LEGER.—The history and traditions of the Leger are among the most romantic of the great Turf fixtures and Windsor Lad's Leger will enhance them. Doncaster is the very heart and centre of the most sporting shire in the most sporting country in the world. Dozens of great country houses, for centuries in the hands of famous sporting families, cluster round it and, generation after generation, have opened wide their doors for the meeting. Nowhere have larger fortunes in the past been staked, lost and won. It was at Doncaster that the first Earl of Durham ran his horses to death with enviable success. It was the Leger which gave "dear Eddard" Petre his dazzling succession of victories, although he was himself but a pigeon to be plucked by his racing partner, Rodes Milnes. And it was over the Leger that George Payne, newly entered on his great inheritance, took a tip from Gully which cost him £35,000, a trifle which he got back on the same race the following year on another tip from the same source. These events took place exactly a century ago. Such fortunes are not won and lost to-day by individuals (unless by Windsor Lad's owner) but in the aggregate even larger sums change hands over the race. A century ago there was probably more scandal, connected with Society and with the Turf, talked at the club at Doncaster during the meeting than in any other meeting place of men in the whole of Europe. No reputation was safe, whether of man or woman, duchess or actress, handicapper, trainer, jockey, or bookmaker. And, indeed, very few reputations on the Turf in those days were proof against criticism. Admiral Rous and Lord George Bentinck did a tremendous amount towards removing some of the more glaring scandals of the Turf in the three decades between 1840 and 1870. The morals of Society are in an entirely different category. Morality rises and falls on a basis of fashions of thought and reactions, and is not to be controlled by by-laws and Acts of Parliament. Society gossip accordingly is always with us, mild in one generation, virulent in the next.

GILBERT IN NEW YORK.—Gilbert and Sullivan are no strangers in America; the operas are often performed by amateurs, sometimes with variations on which the dictator Gilbert would have frowned. But if any doubt was felt as to whether official performances would go down in New York, anxiety must have been allayed by the shrewd choice of *The Gondoliers* for the opener. The Duke of Plaza Toro and his commercial acumen are no strangers to New York Society. The great "double-barrel" for more decades than I can count has paid his way there, caught his pigeons and lost them again in the easy way which Reno and other places afford, and never found the smallest difficulty in selling himself out to the highest bidder at ten dollars a night "and his dinner (and wine with his dinner)." I have no doubt also that the pageantry of *Iolanthe* and the charm of *The Yeomen* will also appeal to Americans who have proved that the harder nut of *Patience* is by no means beyond their powers — "dated" and local as it is.

THE OLD STAGER

L'ENFANT PRODIGE: Thirteen-year-old Nancy Jupp (second from right) with her parents and her sister after scoring a great victory over Miss Joan Montford in the final of the Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges. Her opponent was nearly five years her senior. *Left*—BUNKERED BUT DAUNTLESS: Miss Jupp playing a difficult shot at the 14th. Her score for the 17 holes played was 77

On left—TRANSFORMATION: "Tiger King," Maggie Dirrane, and fourteen-year-old Michael Dillane, the Aran Islanders who starred in Robert Flaherty's successful film *Man of Aran*, are now on their way to New York to make a personal appearance at the American première. The picture was recently awarded the Mussolini prize in the International Competition at Venice for the best production of the year

BRITAIN'S WELCOME

to Princess Marina

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND: The Princess bidding good-bye to the Captain of the cross-Channel steamer *Maid of Kent* before landing at Folkestone. *Right*—Waving a greeting as she walked down the gangway

LONDON'S WARM-HEARTED ACCLAIM: Excited crowds lining the route as the Royal car left Victoria Station. *Inset*—At the station

PARIS.

MODERN popular journalism has evolved into a series of conventions. Does a careless citizen fall out of a window and kill himself, he becomes "Tragedy of Well-known Club Man." (To have described him as the wholesale boiled-sweet maker that he actually may have been would have ruined what is called "reader interest.") Does a shop assistant win the Irish Sweep—there is no other way out of it—be she never so plain the headline "Blonde Beauty's Luck" is inevitable. Theatrical managers are "genial," Princes must always be "looking tanned and not the least fatigued despite" whatever arduous journeys or exertions they have endured, while Princesses are always "beautiful and charming," and have "simple, natural" manners.

Throughout last week it was my privilege to see a great deal of England's future Princess Marina. I saw her alight from the train with Prince George, I saw her trying on hats in the Rue de la

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A TURKANA FISHERMAN: The natives usually work together; placing their baskets in the water and walking in line towards the shore. At the end of the drive the "game" becomes fast and furious, the trapped fish fighting desperately to regain their freedom

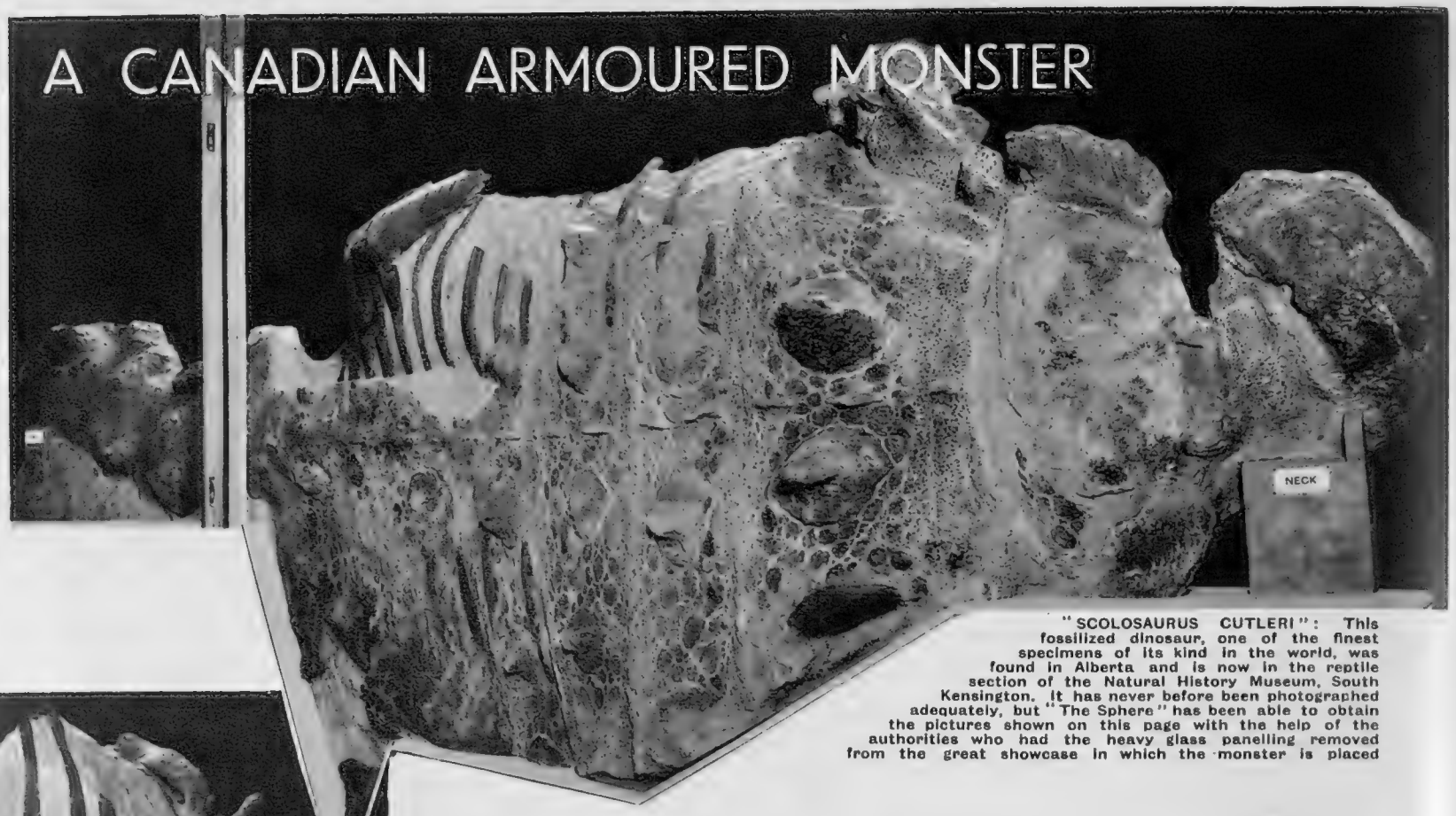
FISHING IN LAKE RUDOLF

The Turkana Tribesmen of Northern Kenya who use Harpoons and Baskets

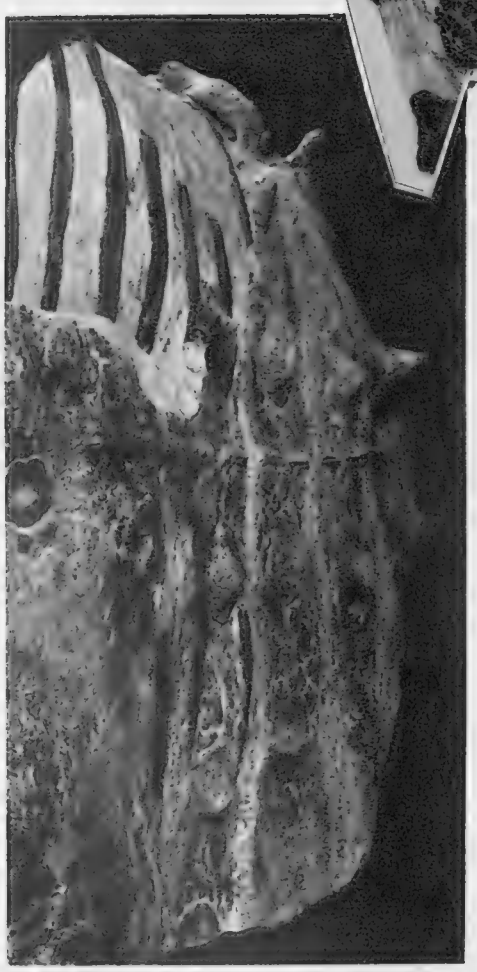
On left and below—SPEARING PERCH: Good eyes and an accurate aim are essential to the man who employs this method. The moment the harpoon enters the body of a fish, the long wooden handle breaks away and the native hauls in his catch on a sisal cord attached to the barbed head

On September 8 "The Sphere" published a series of pictures showing how the King's African Rifles keep order among the Turkana, the nomadic native race which roams near the eastern shores of Lake Rudolf on the Kenya-Sudan border. The illustrations on this page show how some of these people gain a livelihood by fishing. Their methods are primitive, but they make up for this by their own quickness. The Turkana pay little attention to matters of dress, and in some parts of the country the men wear no clothing whatsoever. The fight which they have to wage for existence has made them very pugnacious, and they are always ready to take advantage of their weaker neighbours if the opportunity offers

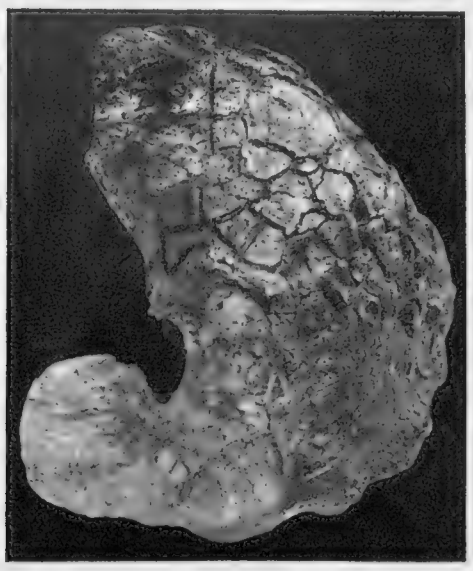
A CANADIAN ARMOURED MONSTER



"SCOLOSAURUS CUTLERI": This fossilized dinosaur, one of the finest specimens of its kind in the world, was found in Alberta and is now in the reptile section of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. It has never before been photographed adequately, but "The Sphere" has been able to obtain the pictures shown on this page with the help of the authorities who had the heavy glass panelling removed from the great showcase in which the monster is placed



PART OF THE DINOSAUR'S BATTERY OF SPIKES: During its lifetime they were probably much more pointed



SKULL OF A DINOSAUR: Another fossil at South Kensington which was also found in Alberta. The head of the larger Scolosaurus Cutleri is missing

Described by Dr. W. E. Swinton, F.R.S.E.

(Of the Reptile Section of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington)

THE REMAINS of this dinosaur were found, in 1914, by the late Mr. W. E. Cutler in the Upper Cretaceous sandstones half-way up a 400-ft. high cliff bordering the Red Deer River in Dead Lodge Canyon, Alberta. Mr. Cutler was working for the Trustees of the British Museum and this sandstone slab with its bony content arrived with other material in London in 1915. On account of the War its preparation was delayed until 1919 when Mr. L. E. Parsons, one of the preparators, returned to his more peaceful vocation.

The removal of the matrix, or stony covering, from the bones was completed on one side and it was decided to continue the process on the other side and so have the whole skeleton free. During this second operation the preparator noticed a thin brownish layer of sandstone with a more or less regular ornamentation, which proved after further investigation to be the imprint of the original skin. The skin itself had long since perished, but here, faithfully reproduced, was its cast. Plans were accordingly altered and this trace of the epidermis was slowly and very carefully followed until the whole of the back of the dinosaur was exposed. Thus, as the dinosaur is now mounted on its side for better display, there can be seen the whole of the armoured back and, on the other side, as much of the skeleton as could be developed.

THE armour in the skin is particularly well developed and of great interest. The neck is protected by transverse strips of bone separated by a short strip of flexible skin charged with bony granules. Together these strips are shaped rather like a skull, and unfortunately they were so identified by the collector. Actually the skull is missing, and probably remains on that canyon cliff separated from its exiled complement by "a waste of seas."

Behind the neck plates is a considerable area of the flexible granular skin which is indented on each side where the arms meet the body. Behind this there are four transverse strips of bone, each 10 in. from back to front, and all separated by narrow belts of flexible skin. Thus the front part of the body was protected by these four belts of armour and the neck plates. The hinder half is covered by a large plate of bone apparently formed by the fusion of three transverse and inflexible strips with traces of polygonal scutes. This buckler or "lumbar shield" is a feature known in several other dinosaurs. The tail was apparently covered by five alternating and polygonally marked segments separated by the usual thin strips of flexible skin.

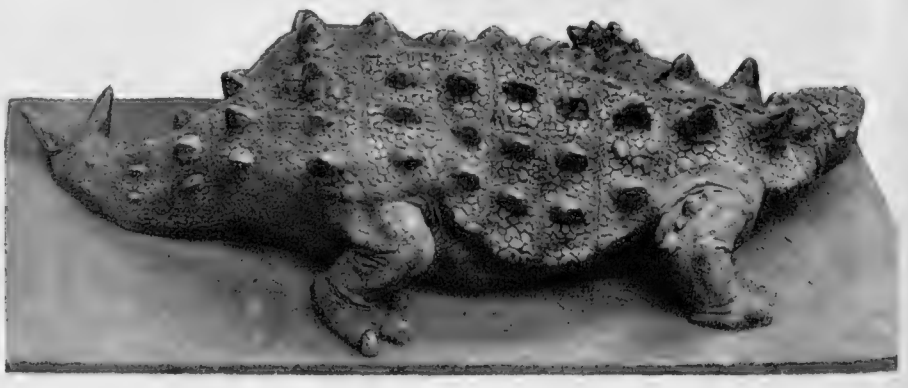
Upon this segmented cuirass were placed spines, plates and bosses of bone arranged symmetrically. There were two spikes on each side of the neck (as can be seen in the model), three longitudinal rows of somewhat flatter spikes on each side of the body, two rows on each side of the tail, and on the last segment but one of the tail, two enormous spikes. The spikes on the neck were about 6 in. high, but all of them had no doubt during the animal's lifetime a horny covering which would make them even more impressive and much sharper. A whole battery of sharp spikes protected the upper arms. Between the spikes are polygonal plates of bone, and elsewhere the skin is loaded with little ossicles.

ALTHOUGH the tail is thick and apparently unwieldy the only conceivable purpose of its tail-spikes is for offence or defence, and probably it was used like a crusader's mace.

The front legs are shorter than the hind, and the animal walked with the elbows and knees stuck out from the body and the feet wide apart. It must, therefore, have resembled a large, broad, and low tortoise with a spiky shell and a long tail; a sort of animated tank armed against its great flesh-eating contemporaries. The total length is 18 ft., the breadth 8 ft.. and the estimated weight not less than 2 tons.

The late Baron Nopcsa maintained that it was insectivorous, and he calculated that it probably ate 7,000 beetles and grasshoppers a week. There is little evidence for this, and the vegetarian diet of similar dinosaurs is much more probable.

Scolosaurus inhabited the lowlands of a great delta region in the last of the dinosaurian days. Probably it slipped into the river and was drowned, the immense weight of its armour pulling it down and capsizing it. Lodged on some sandbank the carcase decayed, and a plane leaf actually blew on to it and was preserved. Eventually it became silted over and fossilized, to lie entombed for 75,000,000 years.



On right — ARMED FROM HEAD TO FOOT: A model showing what the monster must have looked like. It weighed at least two tons

THE PRINCESS IN PARIS

ON A SHOPPING EXPEDITION: *Left*—Prince George and Princess Marina crossing the Rue de la Paix. *Right*—Waiting while a friend hails a passing taxi

ARRIVAL IN PARIS: The Prince and Princess at the Gare de l'Est

POSING FOR THE PRESS: The camera-man's request is always graciously conceded

LAST MOMENTS before the Prince left for home

"MARINA OF THE BALCONY": An unconventional camera study

CHEZ MOLYNEUX: Choosing dresses at the famous fashion house

PLEASED WITH HER PURCHASES: Leaving after a morning at Molyneux's

LA DEMEURE HISTORIQUE:

By Dorothy Mackay

Owners of Sixty Famous French Castles Form an Association, and Charge the Public 50 Centimes to Inspect their Homes and their Family Treasures

FRANCE, ever practical, has with a gentle irony adapted modern method to the problem of preserving the monuments of her cultural history. A trade union of "aristocrats," formed to save the historic homes of France and the art treasures that they contain, is meeting with remarkable success. The owners of some sixty châteaux are banded together in this unusual trade union, *La Demeure Historique*, which was founded by the Duc de Luynes. Each subscribes a small sum, 50 francs, to the central fund; each undertakes to throw open his home with its art collections to visitors at fixed times, charging the small fee of 50 centimes for admission. The sums thus realized are proving unexpectedly high, and much has been done in consequence to repair those châteaux that had suffered from neglect.

A PICTURESQUE CHÂTEAU OF THE LOIRE: It is owned by the Duc de Luynes, founder of La Demeure Historique

THE CHÂTEAU DE JOSSELIN: Once the residence of Anne of Brittany, wife of the kindly Louis XII of France

RIGNY-USSÉ: Another beautifully situated home on the Loire

Each château has its historical associations and its collections of objets d'art; nor do these lack the spice of life, of love, humanity, and humour. Here, you see the opinion of François I scratched on a window in an idle moment: there, the secret cupboards where Catherine de Médici kept her poisons and State papers.

In a château in Brittany, I revelled not long ago in a collection of dolls in the costumes of many peoples and many periods. In a castle in Touraine, tapestries of great age and value represent in quaintly humorous light the story of Adam and Eve. You see a brown-clad and very hirsute Deity busy making Adam; then Eve, rising from the sleeping Adam's rib. The serpent, with aquiline nose and pointed ears, passes down the apple from the tree. Adam is then seen cowering in somewhat unmanly manner beneath a bush as the Deity asks for an explanation: and the series ends in a frightened pair leaving the Garden hand in hand, driven by the angel's flaming sword.

Elsewhere, a spiral carriage-road climbs in five turns within a tower from the bank of the Loire to the famous château where once a score of Huguenots were hanged from the balcony in a line to overawe the little town huddled beneath. And here you are shown the low doorway where Charles VIII, hurrying to a game of tennis, struck his head and died.

At the Château of Villandry, home of Dr. Carvallo, the energetic secretary of *La Demeure Historique*, there is a wonderful collection of Spanish pictures. There is also a most elaborate formal garden; and on a lofty terrace overlooking it, a little bearded gardener, bent double over his rake, looked as if he had scraped his formal patterns in the gravel at least a hundred years.

BUILT BY ST. LOUIS: The great fortress at Angers which dates from the thirteenth century

Tradition, France has decided, has an irreplaceable value in a changing world; not only does it educate—it also entertains. *La Demeure Historique* does whatever is necessary in the organization of publicity; and local authorities, the railways, transport companies, and tourist agencies all lend a hand. Would that our own possessors of great houses form themselves into some similar association, and so preserve their priceless possessions for the future welfare of the surrounding countryside.

CHANGING PARIS: A subway for pedestrians in course of construction. One of the many public works which have been started for the benefit of the unemployed

THE MARQUET PLAN

The Mayor of Bordeaux's Ingenious Scheme for Solving the Unemployment Problem

POETRY and economics do not, at first glance, appear to have much in common. But there is something of the poet in every Frenchman, and so there is a mystic ideal behind the French plan to end unemployment. It is called the Marquet Plan, after the vital young Minister of Labour who conceived it.

If the French unemployment figures—350,000—seem ridiculously small to us, it should not be forgotten that the economic structures of the two countries are entirely different. In France only about 20 per cent. of the working population are salaried employees. In Britain only 10 per cent. are *not*. The result is that in bad times the representative British worker gets dismissed while the representative Frenchman, being his own boss or working on a family basis, merely accepts a lower standard of living without losing his job. As a matter of fact France is desperately hit by the world crisis, but that is another story.

Marquet has secured parliamentary assent to spend £80,000,000, spread over the next six years, on a great national constructional scheme. Thus £12,000,000 will be spent on electrification, £3,200,000 on workers' flats, £23,000,000 on new railway equipment, £13,500,000 on roads and agricultural development. In the Paris area £4,500,000 goes to roads, traffic improvements, extension of the undergrounds, and so on.

Where the scheme differs from N.R.A. works in America is that none of the money is being raised by public loan. Marquet noted that the National Insurance (health, old age, and unemployment) Fund has an annual income of £16,000,000. He finances his works by borrowing 75 per cent. of this yearly. Since the Insurance Fund has been in existence only two years, it does not expect to begin to have heavy outgoings till 1940, so that Marquet's Plan has been framed on the amount available within that period. He calculates that it will employ directly at least 100,000 workers. Long before 1940 he expects his scheme will have brought substantial returns to the National Insurance Fund; directly in interest from profitable expenditure, and indirectly in the decrease of unemployment (which is a burden on the Insurance Fund), and a return of prosperity.

"Business has got into a rut," M. Marquet said, discussing his plan with me, "and business men have not done enough or had enough faith to get it out. My £12,000,000 a year poured into the heavy industries should have a snowball repercussion out of all proportion to that precise sum. To get rid of unemployment is all-important, of course, but what I aim at above all is to administer a 'psychological shock' to public opinion. It has been *la crise, la crise*, for too long. I want to instil into my country *la mystique* of a trade revival. *Une foi! Une mystique!*"

Adrien Marquet spoke with fervour and force. He has good reason to have faith in himself. As Mayor of Bordeaux he has overhauled his native city until it has become a model to the whole country. If Marquet's Plan succeeds in infusing the spirit of faith and courage, which is part of it, into France—poetry and economics will have made a perfect marriage.

Jossleyn Hennessy

Italy's East African Colony by the Red Sea

Scenes in Eritrea and its Desert Province of Danakil

THE UNCROWNED QUEEN OF ISLAMIC ERITREA: She is known as the Sheriffa and is the only Moslem woman ruler who has the right to bear the sword. She lives in a sumptuous palace outside Massaua, the chief port of the colony. *Right*—AT THE WELL: A young woman of Danakil—the uncharted desert land of Southern Eritrea

RISEN FROM THE WILDERNESS: The little town of Agordat, the Italian seat of government in the lowlands. On the following two pages Madame Marie-Edith de Bonneuil, the well-known traveller, gives an excellent account of a recent visit to this colony

THE NEVER-CEASING QUEST FOR WATER: Scantily clad inhabitants at one of the province's few wells. The women do their hair in plaits which partly cover their faces, while the men favour an even more fantastic style

IN THE DESERT LA

An Expedition into a Little-known

350 FT. BELOW SEA LEVEL: The Plain of Salt and its grotesque pyramids.

The author of the following narrative is a British subject, Mauritius born, who has recently penetrated into many isolated parts of the African continent. Her journey to Kufra was described a few months ago in "The Sphere," and now she tells here of her experiences in an even less accessible region which has yet to be properly explored

FEW people have the opportunity of visiting almost unknown territory, and I must account myself very lucky to have been allowed to explore Danakil with the Italian expedition which went into the interior in March of this year.

This Danakil land, part of Eritrea, the oldest Italian colony, is a favourite haunt of pirates along the Red Sea coast, and of Abyssinian bandits in the highlands. It consists of an uncharted profusion of deserts, mountains, lava plains, and granite valleys, and stretches from the Biru and Gala provinces on the Abyssinian frontier, to Asab on the Red Sea opposite Aden. It can rightly claim to be the most volcanic country in the world—a country of unsurpassed geological horror.

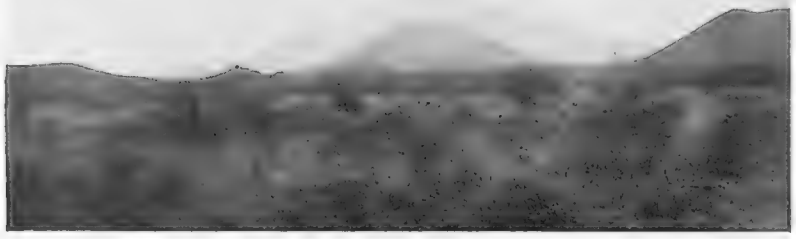
Strangely enough, Eritrea itself is the least African of all colonies. It is a sort of Black Switzerland inhabited by dark people all dressed up in white. It has neither meadows nor Consuls, and one can almost say no hotels. But lavish Italian hospitality makes up for this last detail. Noblesse oblige! Is not His Excellency Signor Ricardo Astutto, Governor-General of Eritrea, Duke of Lucchesi, a member of the Royal Family? In Massaouah, their summer residence, I was the guest of his charming American wife, Lady Alicia, and in Asmara, the little capital 7,000 ft. up, I met their eldest daughter, bright Kitty Astutto, the most accomplished sportswoman of the colony. I saw her in the military tattoo competing with the most brilliant cavalry officers in steeplechases, polo and camel races.

It was rather difficult to obtain permission to accompany the Danakil Expedition. "This region is infested with bandits. All our hinterland stations are not occupied yet, only the coastal ones are safe. Last year one of our little native garrisons at Ella on the Biru borders was massacred to the last man. Our responsibility will be very heavy if I allow you to join," objected His Excellency, when I asked him.

Still, after a few days came the affirmative answer, and, early one morning, at 5 o'clock, we started from Massaouah on three motor lorries. Our little expedition numbered six white people. The Commissioner of the Massaouah and Danakil Province, Signor Zechettin, the chief doctor of Massaouah hospital, Signor Chabrero, a carabiniero captain, a naval officer entrusted with the radio, a young Italian interpreter, and myself. Ten to twelve askaris, native soldiers, fully armed, accompanied us as a military escort.

We took no tents with us, having to carry the greatest possible amount of water, petrol and food, as nothing in the way of replenishment could be expected from this stone desert. So we had to sleep for three weeks in motor lorries or under the stars, wrapped up in military burnous on camp beds. For 300 kilometres we bumped first along dry torrents, in a wilderness of acacia bushes, from which emerged the bright spears of the Danakilian nomads, their dark, fuzzy-wuzzy hair, and the humps of their camels. Then came the desert steppe with its herds of ostriches, wild asses, and gazelles frightened by our strident klaxoning. A violent bump from time to time would throw me from a petrol tin to an ammunition-case, cheek by jowl with an askari smelling of rancid butter and onions. Explosions could be heard under our lorries; these were the stones we were grinding to pieces on a trackless ocean of boulders. Then came the long, desolate stretch of yellow sand and the cobalt blue line of the Red Sea, with Thio, the little white man's land at the end of the promontory.

Thio, a small fisherman's village on the Red Sea, consists of about twenty native huts clustered round a mosque. Close by is the Italian Commissioner's house, the radio building, an infirmary, and native police quarters. In fact, the Italian desert is



THE DUBLI: One of the many active volcanoes in what must be one of the most volcanic lands in the world. This is the first time it has ever been photographed

PIRATES OF THE RED SEA who have escaped from the Yemen and have settled in the village of Asab on the Danakilian coast

EN ROUTE: Madame de Bonneuil on the roof of the lorry in which she journeyed into Danakil

ND OF THE DANAKILS

Province of the Italian Colony of Eritrea

Legend has it that beneath these formations are the cursed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah

By Marie-Edith de Bonneuil

the most modern equipped desert in the world. Everywhere electricity, ice, medicines, Fascist discipline, and—military training. Did I not see in Thio Plain hundreds of young Danakil recruits undergoing training under the supervision of an Italian captain? I wondered whether Henry de Monfreid, the gentleman pirate, who met such thrilling adventure along this same coast, ever dreamt of anything like this "Grandeur et Servitude" for his savage companions.

DAUGHTER OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF ERITREA: Signorina Astutto riding on camel-back at Asmara, the capital of the colony

The native huts of Thio are very low and absolutely spherical in shape. From afar they look like a cabbage field. It is amazing how wretched humanity can live, eat, sleep, and die, almost naked in these dens, amidst the fumes of incense, the smoke of dried fish, and the cries of new-born children.

After Thio our lorries sank into a white sea of moving sands. For two nights and two days we struggled desperately to get out of these sands, putting planks and mats underneath the wheels of our lorries, using the jack unsuccessfully. At last we got out of the dunes and reached the most desolate station one could dream of. There, in a motor lorry, lives a young naval officer of the hydrographic service, with his pet monkey. The monkey has become a dipsomaniac owing to solitude, and has taken to whisky and gets dead drunk every night. In the morning he becomes a gentleman again and takes a cold bath.

After Thio and Beilul, the only oasis of the Danakils, we reached Asab, which is a charming little Italian port on the Red Sea.

Asab is also famous for its prisons where prisoners condemned for life are sent from all parts of the colony. They go about the town in khaki shorts with little red caps under military escort and attend to the town's reservoirs of drinking water.

As far as Rakeita, the little strategic point on the French Somaliland frontier, we went; and then we started the inland journey through the Provinces of the Aouask and Biru.

This dangerous country was successfully reached for the first time in 1928 by an audacious English engineer, Ludovic Nesbitt, who travelled over the Abyssinian part of Danakil with two Italians, starting from Djibuti and Adis Ababa on to the Aouash Sultanate. He reached Massaouah on the Red Sea after covering 1,100 kilometres in less than four months.

Under a scorching sun, over hundreds and hundreds of kilometres of black lava, we proceeded into these valleys of death which cut through the Danakil mountains. In these long lava corridors the heat is suffocating. We found as much as 140 deg. F. in the shade, and the breeze from the Red Sea left a salt crust on our faces.

After the pass, our first night in Danakil was spent in the region of Buai on the edge of the Douli volcano which was active up to last year.

We kept huge fires made from the surrounding brushwood all round our camp to prevent wild animals from coming into it. In fact, the contrary object was attained when a herd of gazelles pursued by hyenas broke through the line of fires and sheltered under our lorries.

From time to time the only relief in the land of black terror is a solitary tomb standing against the horizon. These tombs—so-called Aioudales or tombs of the Vendetta—are like a long funeral rosary along the gloomy landscape. They are erected to the memory of heroes who died fighting. Those which have a white stone on the top of their conical pyramid are dedicated to men who have been assassinated and have not yet been vindicated. Little stone alleys lead to them representing the number of enemies killed by the hero. I counted as many as fourteen stones near one tomb. Next to it was a little acacia bush on which were hung strips of dried human flesh and pieces of leopard skin.

After proceeding north again we reached finally the famous Plain of Salt. Its infernal temperature is 212 deg. F. It is supposed to be the lowest depression known in the world, being 120 metres below sea level.

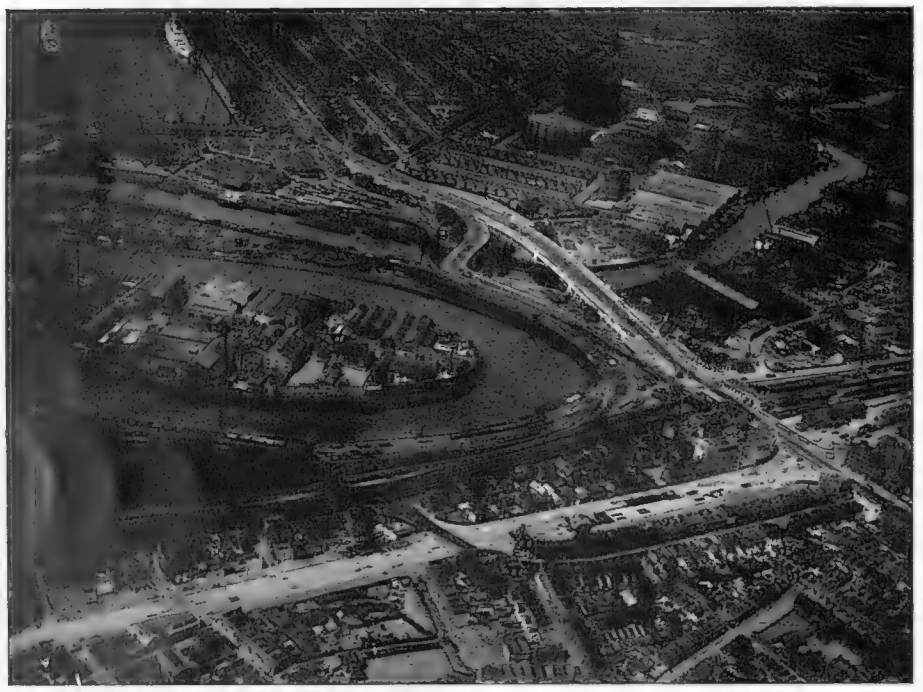
We had covered in all 2,300 kilometres of gloomy wilderness when, after three weeks, owing to Lady Alicia's kind hospitality, I had my first hot-water bath, nicely scented with English salts, in the old palace of the khedives, now the Governor's winter residence in Massaouah.

BLACK AND WHITE: Madame de Bonneuil with one of the Yemenite pirates of Asab

A TOMB IN THE DESERT: According to a French expert this is the primitive type of pyramid which the Egyptians took as a model for their own gigantic structures

WHERE IT IS: A sketch map showing the position of Eritrea in relation to Abyssinia, the Sudan, and French Somaliland

"SILVERTOWN WAY": The new road and viaduct which forms the principal section of the £2,500,000 scheme to improve the approaches to the London Docks. Several level crossings and a swing bridge have been eliminated, and it is estimated that traffic from the City will be able to save about one-third of the time usually spent on the journey



ONCE A DANGEROUS BEND, NOW A GENTLE CURVE: An aerial view taken last year after the rebuilding of Canning Town Bridge. In the foreground is the site for "Silvertown Way," cleared of houses

WHERE THE OXFORD BY-PASS WILL CROSS THE G.W.R. LINE AT WOLVERCOTE: Note the novel type of girder which, instead of being straight, curves into the foundations and thus provides much greater strength

THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT OPENS THE NEW ROAD: "I declare this approach to the London Docks open to the King's subjects for their free use for ever. In honour of the district through which it passes, and to meet what I understand to be the wish of its inhabitants, I desire it to be known as 'Silvertown Way'"

A Model Dockland Highway

By FRANK C. BOWEN

THE traffic problem is one of the most-discussed features of London at the present time, but to most laymen it is confined to the particular area in which they are most inconvenienced. To the expert and the authorities it is one that cannot be dissociated from the docks, for not only has the dock traffic its influence over a very large area, particularly now that so many cartage interests have gone back to horses, but the direct road access to the dock areas which now handle many more times the tonnage of cargo than they were originally designed for is a gigantic traffic problem in itself. Which has necessitated the construction of the wonderful new road, opened by the Minister of Transport this week, from the heart of the metropolis to the busiest section of London's dock system, the Royal Group at North Woolwich, which comprises the Victoria, Albert and King George V Docks.

Like everything to do with the sea and ships, dock problems always come back to fundamentals, and one of these primary principles is that three wide approaches are absolutely necessary for any dock system—water, rail, and road—and that the system will be incomplete and inefficient if any one is ignored or made too far subordinate to the others. This has occurred often enough, conspicuously in the Royal and Tilbury systems on the Thames to which the rail connections seemed so excellent when they were built that the original promoters of the one did not worry much about roads, and of the other about lighters. Yet Tilbury uses lighters as much or more than any other dock, and the bottle-necks to North Woolwich have cost London commerce countless thousands by checking the free flow of goods.

THE business of these Docks, originally intended primarily for rail service, has increased many times since the Port of London Authority's dredging programme has made them accessible to 20,000-ton ships, whereas it was formerly considered a risk to take 5,000-tonners up as far, and since their number has been increased from two to three. They were the pioneers of rail-served docks in the Port of London, and have always offered excellent facilities for barges, but those who designed the road approaches to Woolwich could not possibly have foreseen the enormous increase in the size and number of cargoes that would be handled by the system, and the revolutionary development of road transport. So the docks were improved and allowed to grow with little or no attention being paid to the roads—except by the unfortunate people who had to use them. And their main attraction to shippers as compared with Tilbury is that they are within comfortable lorry distance.

A few years ago things became so bad that the various authorities concerned really had to tackle the problem, which by then was a vast one. In a dock system that had been established as long as the Royal group it was, of course, quite impossible to aspire to the ideal of letting traffic in at one end and out at the other in a steady stream, as the Southern Railway Company has contrived to do in the magnificent new dock system on reclaimed land at Southampton. All that could be done was to widen the road approaches and to make them suitable for modern traffic, but even that had to be done with care, for they ran through residential districts closely packed with tiny houses, and a large proportion of the population got its living in or through the docks.

To have taken any hasty action and to have moved this population out of reach of their work would have been fatal to the workers' interests, and would have done infinite harm to the docks' business. Yet something obviously had to be done to cope with the enormous increase in road transport by hundreds of vans and the lorry fleets of the shippers, contractors, and shipping companies, for many of the latter had started their own. The fact that these lorries have bursts of activity in connection with the sailing and arrival times of the ships makes the traffic problem more complicated still, as does also the fact that the horse is still the most economical for short hauls, and many firms have given up motor transport and gone back to its use. Therefore those responsible for the road approaches to the docks were faced by three main problems—volume, fast traffic and slow traffic—and these problems were multiplied by numerous factors that demanded attention. On the river side somewhat similar problems facing the administrators and users of these docks were solved quickly enough, not easily or cheaply it must be admitted, but without insurmountable difficulty.

The roads were another matter, and it was reckoned that traffic delays—for about one-third of the average transit time was normally wasted by stoppages—cost the business community of the Royal Docks system alone over £1,000 per day. The Victoria Dock Road, the

(Continued on p. 442)

European News

REUNION IN VIENNA: A scene at the great gathering of military veterans when a new war memorial was unveiled in the Heldenplatz. Many of those who attended wore the uniforms of the old Imperial Army

IN HONOUR OF THEIR MURDERED LEADER: Tirolese peasants with the huge wreath of edelweiss which they placed on the grave of Dr. Dollfuss on the occasion of their visit to Vienna to swear allegiance to the Government

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI arriving to inspect 30,000 members of Italy's youth movement before their departure for a summer holiday camp

A LONELY FIGURE: President de Valera at a meeting of the League of Nations. It was reported last week that he regarded it as a snub that he was neither chosen President of the Assembly nor elected chairman of the Commission on Minorities. It was also stated that to mark his displeasure he declined to attend a dinner to the Empire delegation. One newspaper, famed for its imperialistic views, questioned why he was ever asked

A SERIOUS STEP: Colonel Beck, Polish Foreign Minister, who created a sensation at Geneva when he stated that Poland would not co-operate in future with international organizations appointed to watch over her treatment of her minority population (i.e., those who by race or language are in the minority)

WAR

The Army, Navy, and

THE NAVY'S STRENGTH: Sailors of the attacking force, from "Nordania," hauling one of their boats up the beach after landing on the coast of "Britannia" (Yorkshire). At some points over half-an-hour elapsed before the defence got news of their arrival

INVASION AT DAWN: Silhouetted against the h of the shore, a

SIGNALLING WITH AN ALDIS LAMP: Sailors keeping in touch with their ships by Morse code. Note the gaiters, which are worn on "active service" ashore

SPOTTING A LANDING PARTY: The R.A.F. assisted in the defence by wirelessing to land forces the position of the enemy

ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST

d Air Force Combine in a Thrilling Three-day Mimic Battle—How the Men of "Nordania" Made a Surprise Landing

The first boatloads of "Nordanian" troops to reach enemy soil. horizon are the warships which brought them to within a few miles and assisted in the subsequent attack with their big guns

On left—A TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING TENT: A field wireless station established by the attackers to direct the gunfire from their ships

WAITING FOR NEWS: A wireless car stationed on the dunes at Tunstall which kept in constant communication with the "observation" planes

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There is no doubt that the healthy rivalry existing between the Army, Navy, and Air Force makes for a high standard of efficiency, but it is even more gratifying to see that the three services have the ability to co-operate successfully when the occasion arises. The joint exercises on the Yorkshire coast proved, above all else, their abilities in this direction, and showed at the same time the advantages of the latest system of inter-service radio communication. The mimic battle was an outstanding success, and there is no doubt that officers and men have had some excellent practice in conditions resembling as nearly as possible those which would be encountered on active service

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THE OLD TITHE BARN AT HURLEY, BERKSHIRE: Where the parson stored his dues which, a century ago, were paid in kind

EVERY day at this time of the year one reads extraordinary accounts and sees extraordinary photographs of people refusing to pay their tithes, of "battles over ducks," of farmers and their families lying on the ground to prevent the lorries containing their produce from getting away; and yet very few people seem to know what this vexed question involves. Automatically, however, and with the Englishman's sometimes unreasonable enthusiasm for taking the side of the underdog, the public considers that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the officials of Queen Anne's Bounty are heartless and uncompromising persons who deserve to have it made as difficult as possible for them when there is any question of distraint.

If one goes into the matter one realizes that the boot is more or less on the other foot. Every year £3,000,000 is, or rather ought to be, paid in tithes. Of this, slightly over £500,000 goes to lay tithe owners, such as public schools, colleges, grammar schools, as well as private individuals; a trifle over £250,000 goes to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for church purposes, the chief of which is the augmentation of poor benefices; a little over £200,000 is in lieu of the money that used to be paid to the Welsh Church before it was disestablished in 1914; and Deans and Chapters and other ecclesiastical bodies are entitled to £96,000. But the remainder, which is a little over £2,000,000, is collected by the officials of Queen Anne's Bounty on behalf of about 8,000 of the old type of country clergymen.

Once upon a time practically all tithes went to the rectors of the various parishes. Then many of the fattest rectories were appropriated by religious houses. Then, ninety-eight years ago, an Act of Parliament was passed whereby the tithes were paid in cash instead of in kind. This was a very good thing for everybody. It solved all kinds of arguments. For example, the tithe of milk—in one case the parson claimed the whole of the milk on every tenth day, while the owner of the cows offered the whole of every tenth milking. As this was always an afternoon milking, the parson pointed out that he did not get his fair share. What is more, there was a suspicion that on tithe days the milkmaid overslept herself and found it necessary to milk rather earlier in the afternoon than usual. In any event, what did his Reverence do with so much milk? It was not a popular drink, one fancies, in the parsonages of the day; and what did the dairyman do for his customers on the tenth day or the tenth afternoon? Perhaps the parson called "Milk ho!" in the neighbouring town himself? The tithe of young animals must have been equally awkward for everybody. The same must have held good with the tithe of fish (apparently the parson used to spend the whole day on the river bank collecting his tithe). And what about the tithe of lead, which was believed to be not a mineral but a vegetable, and therefore titheable? And as for the tithe of liquorice—well, I *ask* you.

Another difficulty arose over tithes payable on developed land. The farmer would naturally be reluctant to spend a large amount of his capital in improving his property if the parson, without running any of the risk of the extra costs, yet shared in the increased value of the property. It is only surprising that the Act of 1836 was not passed much earlier. Immediately afterwards there was naturally a big increase in the development of agricultural property all over the place. The parsons and other people entitled to the tithes were reimbursed on a rather complicated scale. The new Act imposed no new payment. It only changed the way in which tithe was paid. It again confirmed the tithe owners in their rights as owners of real property. The method was this: the annual payment was to follow the average price of corn for the seven years preceding; this payment being intended to give a purchasing power of equal value to that of corn, which was regarded as a fairer basis of exchange than money. It was evident, however, that these prices would vary considerably; and indeed the amount payable in respect to par of any charge of £100 in 1836 was as high as £112 in 1861, but fell as low as £66 in 1900. By 1914 it had reached £76. Then came the War and the amount payable on the seven-years basis rose to well above £100 and would have risen in 1922 to £172; however, Parliament passed an Act in 1918 to stabilize the rate at £109 odd for each £100 for the next seven years.

If this Act had not been passed the tithe rent charges payable in 1919 would have been at the rate of £123 10s. to £100—a reduction, as you will see, of over £14 per £100 being made in the landowners' favour. In the next seven years this entailed a sacrifice from the Church of about £4,000,000. Then came the Tithe Act of 1925 by which tithe rent charge was stabilized at the rate of £105 for the £100. What is more, in order to redeem all tithe rent charges in full after eighty-five years, the sum of £4 10s. per £100 was added, thus constituting a sinking fund to be invested annually. This, however, applies only to clerical tithe rent charge and not to its lay equivalent, which is payable at 105 per cent. and will not cease to be payable in A.D. 2010. Again, if this Act had not been passed the tithe rent charge due in 1926 on the seven-years average would have been nearly £147 per £100, so once again the tithepayers gained. What, then, is all the fuss about?

TROUBLE BREWING: The chairman of a tithepayers' association addressing a meeting of protest following a sale of cattle on an Oxfordshire farm to raise the money to meet tithe dues

FACED WITH A MIGHTY PROBLEM: Members of the new Royal Commission on Tithe Rent-Charge in session at the Ministry of Agriculture. Left to right—Sir John Lloyd, Lord Cornwallis, Mr. E. L. Mitchell, Sir John Fischer Williams, K.C. (Chairman), Mr. S. Allen, Sir Edward Peacock, and Sir Leonard Coates

THE answer is that, the agricultural depression having set in, more farmers have found it difficult to make both ends meet. This, however, is not the fault of the parsons and others who are entitled to their annual income from these tithe rent charges. The situation has been further aggravated for the farmers because in very many instances they bought outright from the big landowners the farms of which they had been tenants in 1919. Unfortunately, they paid very high prices for them, being lent the money by the banks. This has made it all the more difficult for them to pay the tithes, but instead of trying to come to an arrangement with the banks and the other lay bodies from whom they got their mortgages, they turn round and try and wriggle out of their commitments in the matter of tithes. There is an actual case of a farmer paying £400 a year mortgage on his property squealing about the £24 a year tithe. This is surely very disproportionate.

One of the reasons why the farmer prefers to avoid, if he can, paying his tithes, is that there is no personal liability for tithes. In other words, supposing you owe me tithe and refuse to pay, I cannot threaten bankruptcy proceedings. All I can do is to get the equivalent of the debt from your land. That accounts for all these photographs of geese and ducks and cattle. It is true that if you do not farm your own land yourself and rent it out

TITHES

The Case for the Clergy Examined

By CHARLES GRAVES

ACTIVE RESISTANCE: This lorry laden with oats, which were seized for tithe at Beechbrook Farm, near Ashford, Kent, was impeded by neighbouring farmers who drew a wagon across its path. Several free fights occurred and it was only after considerable delay that the goods could be removed

I can intercept your rent; otherwise I cannot get a cash payment from you at all. In any event it is not the Ecclesiastical Commissioners or the Queen Anne's Bounty people who do the actual distraining. It is done by the County Court on behalf, however, of those bodies.

The leader of the anti-tithe party is Mr. R. W. Kedward who was once Member of Parliament for Ashford, where he got in largely on the tithe ticket. His attitude is quite simple: he says that in view of agricultural depression tithe is too high and ought to be reduced. Meantime he refuses to pay. There are, however, those who try to persuade people that tithes should not be paid because it is a contribution to the National Church—a suggestion that has misled many honourable Nonconformists. This is little short of being ridiculous. You might just as well refuse to pay your butcher's bill because he is a bigamist and keeps two homes.

As you may know, a Royal Commission has recently been appointed to inquire into the tithe question, and many suggestions have been made that until they have reached a decision distraint should be stopped. If that happened, of course, practically nobody would pay. In which case the £2,000,000 a year would mount up while the Royal Commission brooded and, presumably, the arrears would never be paid up whatever decision was reached. Actually, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and officials of Queen Anne's Bounty instituted some time ago a "Hardship" scheme, whereby investigating officers called on all farmers and other payers of tithe, who were financially in a bad way, about reducing temporarily their tithe rent charges. This voluntary sacrifice of income has already cost the parsons very many thousands of pounds. It is true that there are still 700 or 800 clergymen who exercise their right to collect their own tithes themselves, and some of them have not been too ready to meet the impoverished farmers.

THERE was a case the other day of a parson who could not pay his rates because he had been refused about £800 of tithes from his parishioners. If he had been ready to take less than was his due, however, no doubt he would have been paid a high percentage of what he was entitled to. He, however, was an exception. In any event you cannot altogether blame him, when the wife of the farmer who says he cannot pay him wears a better hat than his own wife can afford. What the parson forgets, however, is that the farmer may be living on his capital temporarily.

Yes, it is a very thorny question. The anti-tithe party say that "God Almighty never meant the farmer to pay tithes when he had made no profits." This sounds very plausible. The objectors to tithe suggest that it should be reduced by a quarter or a half, or altogether abolished. This is a policy, really, of confiscation and is a two-edged weapon. Following the farmers' lead, labourers might just as well demand that farms should be divided up among labourers without payment.

In conclusion, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the officials of Queen Anne's Bounty submit that tithe is an ancient custom sanctioned and approved in all generations by law; that tithe rent charge to-day is much less than the old rate of one-tenth of the old gross produce. They also point out that it is a trifling charge compared with other charges on land, like ground rents, wages, working costs, and so on; that regarded as interest on a loan it is at a moderate rate; that any buyer of land who objects to tithe rent charge can redeem it by paying interest elsewhere as needed; and, finally, that no sounder alleviation of present-day difficulties has ever been proposed than the policy of Queen Anne's Bounty for all cases of real hardship, 3,000 of which have already been settled.

CHAMPION OF THE FARMER: Mr. R. M. Kedward (centre), President of the National Tithepayers' Association

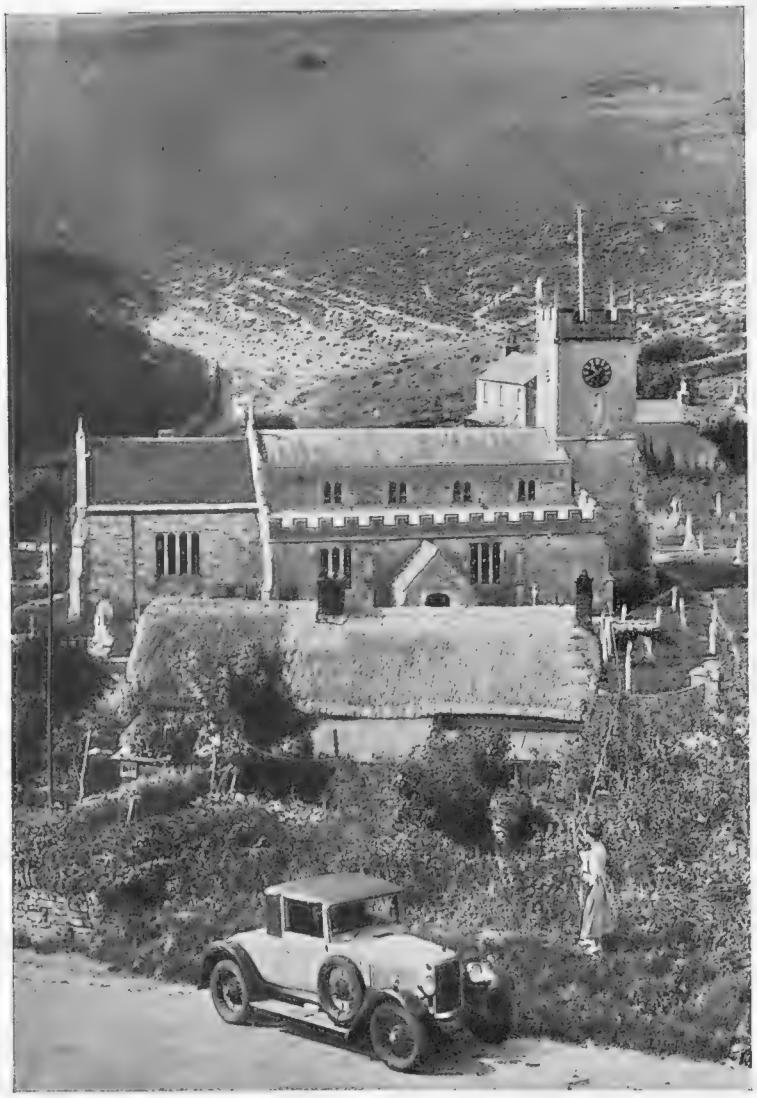
If anyone holds views in favour of disendowment of the Church of England, those are views which he is entitled to hold and entitled to promote by any proper means; but to try to do so by refusing to pay tithes and to regard himself as thereby exercising a conscientious scruple, is, in the opinion of parsons and many other people, distinctly dishonest.

In any event, when the ordinary member of the public buys a house he inquires beforehand about the ground rent and the other outgoings, and if his income falls after he has bought the house—well, that is too bad—but he is still obviously liable. As to the validity of tithe, in the words of an eminent judge, "From the earliest times, and certainly since the time of the tithe commutation, the right of the parson to receive his tithe out of the land has been laid down in the Law Courts in one case after another as an absolute right of ownership of property just as sacred and just as clear as the right of a dividend from a company . . . the land is charged with an obligation just as much as if it were a mortgage or any other legal charge. It is one of the oldest obligations recognized by the law, recognized by the canon law, and by the statute law—an absolute certain firm charge."

GLASTONBURY TITHE BARN: It will be noted that many of these old buildings were constructed with the same solidity, and in much the same style, as the neighbouring churches

BEER IN EMBRYO: Gathering the hop harvest near Tunbridge Wells. As the pickers work along the lanes they place the fruit in sacks and neatly stack the leaves at the foot of the poles

The Rural Scene



"A MOTORING IDYLL": A delightful scene in the lovely Dorsetshire village of Upwey, near Dorchester

SOMETHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY: An iron cage used on a Northumberland farm for "piking" the hay harvest. When it is full it is turned upside down, thus leaving a firmly-built stack

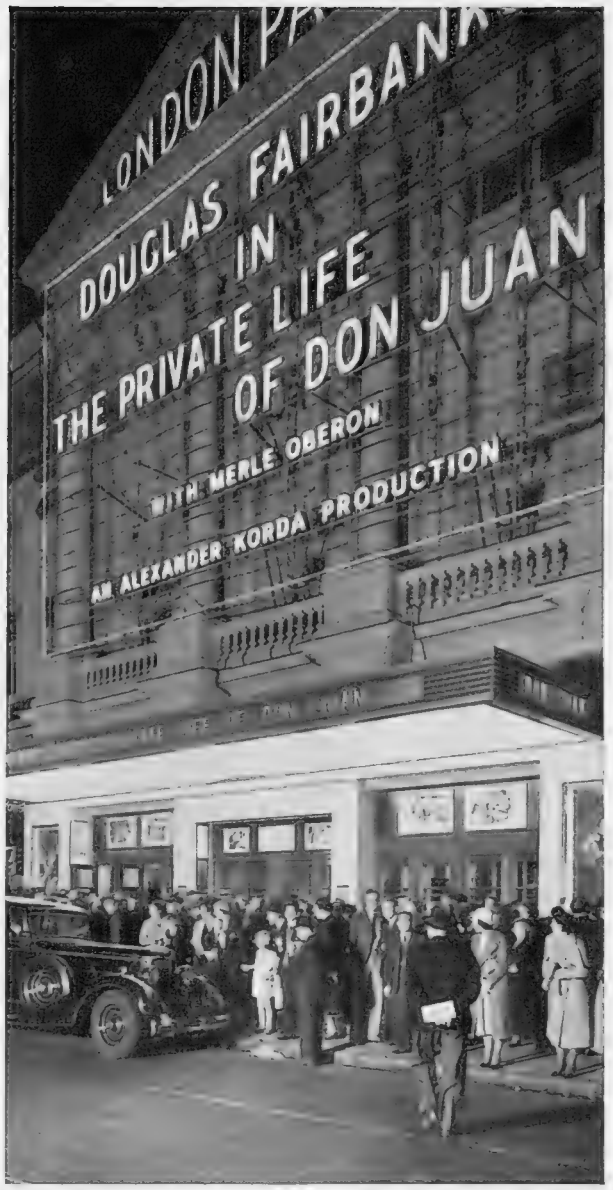
MAINLY METROPOLITAN

People and Their Doings

A CIVIC OCCASION: Lord Ebbisham (right), acting Lord Mayor of London during the illness of Sir Charles Collett, handing the Charter to Councillor S. H. Marshall, J.P., on the incorporation of Sutton and Cheam as a borough. It will be remembered that Lord Ebbisham, before he was raised to the peerage, had a highly successful year of office as Lord Mayor in 1926-27

ROBBING THE "MIKE" OF ITS TERRORS: Mr. Bertram Fryer instructing one of the students at the London School of Broadcasting in New Bond Street where potential radio stars are taught how to address the microphone

AT LONDON'S LIDO: Andrée, the physical culture expert, poses for the camera near the shores of the Serpentine



THE NEW "PAV.": The brilliantly illuminated London Pavilion, scene of so many Cochran stage successes, on the night of its reopening as a cinema. A distinguished audience saw the première of Alexander Korda's latest film, *The Private Life of Don Juan*

BATH HORSE SHOW: The Countess of Westmorland with her daughter, who took part in the Children's Equitation test

"O! NEVER WAS THERE QUEEN SO MIGHTILY BETRAY'D": Cleopatra (Mary Newcomb) with her attendants, Charmian and Iras

PLAYS of the DAY

Reviewed by Philip Page

SECULAR history, treated colloquially, has been followed by something approaching Biblical history served up in *Richard of Bordeaux* fashion. For if Mr. John Drinkwater's play *A Man's House*, which has reached the New Theatre *via* the Malvern Festival, does not deal directly with the events of the New Testament, it is contemporary with them and even dependent on them.

Mr. Drinkwater shows an aspect of history which is apt to be overlooked. We know that through the grimmest episodes of the French Revolution, life in Paris continued much as usual, and that on the day Louis XVI was executed the cafés and the theatres were open and business normal.

If one may resort to a Divine analogy, may we not at least conjecture that Jerusalem during the period immediately preceding the Crucifixion, and even during the Crucifixion itself, was not in the turmoil that subsequent events have led the world to imagine that it might have been? It was only the faithful—a small section—who saw in the appearance of Jesus Christ before Pilate and, indeed, in the whole of the Passion, the stupendous and miraculous element. To far more He was a political insurgent or, at best, a good man unjustly condemned.

Mr. Drinkwater, without a trace of irreverence in his treatment, seems to emphasize this aspect. The modernity of his language emphasizes it still further. This is a matter-of-fact play for a poet of the author's high standing to have written; yet it is no less impressive on that account. If the Divine happenings in Jerusalem at the time of his story are, dramatically speaking, so much in the background that we rarely, if ever, are made to feel any awe with regard to them, the greater part of the play is well knit and singularly complete in itself.

The happenings which were to shake the world are shown only in their relation to a middle-class Jewish family—business-like, prosperous, and not unlovable. Any further attempt to impress them on the audience might have resulted in fustian and theatrical cheapness, however well-intentioned. One knows so well the religiosity of so many would-be sacred dramas. Mr. Drinkwater, a man of taste, has chosen wisely.

His story is as simple as his treatment of it. Salathiel, a wealthy merchant, finds that the teachings of the Nazarene are upsetting his family and his business. One of his daughters is blind. The other is in love with a young Christian who, after a hot argument with the girl's brother, Matthias, forgets the Christian teaching and, so far from offering his other cheek, lands on Matthias's cheek one of those things which it is decidedly more blessed to give than to receive.

This Matthias is in many ways the most interesting person in the play. Hard-headed, practical, he is a stronger man than his father, and thinks the teachings of the Nazarene new-fangled and rather dangerous nonsense. His pride in his race, in his family, and in his business is intense. He remains unconvinced. Salathiel, with the weakness as well as the dignity of age, wavers; the miraculous restoration of his other daughter's sight adds to his uncertainty. There must have been in A.D. 33 many a Matthias and many a Salathiel.

The last act which, I understand, Mr. Drinkwater has largely rewritten, is still weaker than the other two, because it is occupied overmuch with the protracted farewells of the two daughters, neither of whom is sufficiently interesting, though Miss Joyce Bland gives a clever study of the blind girl, the whole of whose nature changes when she is cured. Yet the play remains a noble piece of work. All the action takes place in one room, a remarkably picturesque scene, and the production is dignified and effective.

A SUCCESS AT THE and Robert *White*, which performance

Mr. Reginald Tate stood out as Matthias; it is the best part in the piece and he played it admirably. Mr. Basil Radford, who is one of the most versatile actors I know (I last saw him in a sort of G. P. Huntley part in a silly farce at the Royalty), played the dignified but rather depressing Salathiel with power and sympathy; and Mr. Stanley Lathbury was amusing without jarring the susceptibilities of anyone—a tribute both to him and to Mr. Drinkwater.

"Eden End."—Eden End was a less exciting place than Laburnum Grove. Mr. J. B. Priestley, having written one of the most original crime-plays of modern times, has seen to it that police are far distant from the redecorated and comfortable Duchess Theatre.

No one in *Eden End* does anything criminal. No one does anything very interesting. Indeed, they hardly do anything at all except talk. It is, of course, good talk, because here Mr. Priestley never fails us, and this made it the more regrettable that some of it was inaudible.

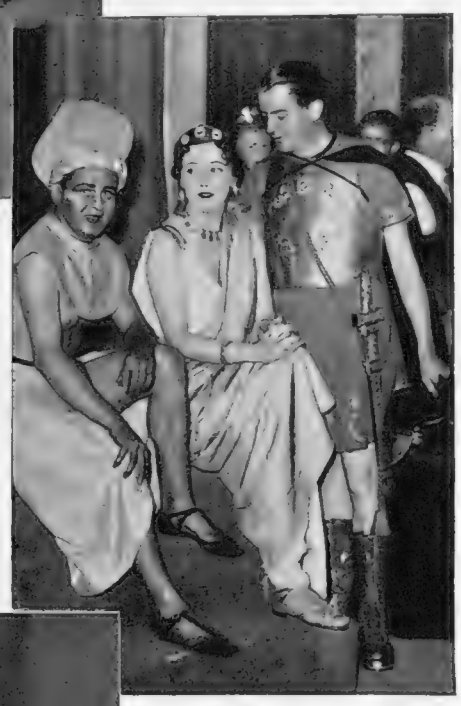
From this it would seem that *Eden End* is a dull play. It is not that, though there are long stretches when the action ceases altogether—and I still retain a possibly primitive preference for action of some sort in the theatre. Had not Mr. Priestley acquired a perfect command of stage technique—a rare thing, by the way, for any novelist to acquire—the result might have been disastrous. Yet I cannot agree with a distinguished colleague that this is Mr. Priestley's "best play." He can do, and has done, much better.

There is, however, the fascination of exact portraiture. These people, a north-country doctor, his two daughters, his son, his son-in-law, and one other, are not photographs but portraits painted with infinite skill, with all the life a photograph lacks. They make the static atmosphere more than tolerable, and it is because they are so human that I at least longed for them to display a little more activity. The doctor was tired and disillusioned, Mr. Edward Irwin playing the part so perfectly that a wave of depression seemed to surge over the footlights whenever he appeared. One of his daughters had gone on the stage and had returned home, also tired and disillusioned, and in the person of Miss Beatrix Lehmann, inclined to drop her voice to an extent that may have accounted for professional disappointment. I must in fairness

"ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA"

A Shakespearian Production at the Old Vic

Below—"THAT I MIGHT SLEEP OUT THIS GREAT GAP OF TIME MY ANTONY IS AWAY": The love-sick Cleopatra as portrayed by Miss Newcomb



AN INTERVAL DURING REHEARSAL: Maurice Evans as Octavius Cæsar (right) and Sylvia Shaw as Octavia

A Play of A.D. 33 in the Language of 1934 : "Eden End" not up to "Laburnum Grove" Standard : "Young England"—A Patriotic Melodrama

add that when Miss Lehmann was heard she was worth hearing, and in the last act improved vastly.

The actress-daughter had taken to herself the man her sister loved and with him indulged in a static and decorous flirtation before the fireside, partly occupied with a discussion on the respective merits of Kipling and Wordsworth—thus doth the old Adam of the literary critic lurk even in the successful dramatist. It was only natural, therefore, that the sister should send for the actress's husband, also on the stage. Although the two had drifted apart, they were reconciled and went back to London by a slow Sabbath train. "I know something of train journeys on Sundays," grimly remarked that husband, which indicated that Mr. Priestley knows the world of which he has written.

That was all. Little episodes brighten, though not very much, the grey course of this most undramatic drama. The actor and his brother-in-law get drunk together and wax egotistical, Mr. Ralph Richardson not only contributing credible stage drunkenness, which is difficult, but, himself a good actor, convincing us that the character he was playing was a bad actor, which surely must be much more difficult.

The only "stage" figure in the play is that of the servant. When are we to be given a rest from the elderly faithful female servant, with an accent (usually Scotch, but here Yorkshire), who is privileged to be rude to the whole family because she has been in their service for so long? She crops up to bore us in nearly every other play. I have never met her in real life. When I do I shall murder her, which will give Mr. Priestley a plot for a play with action in it.

LYRIC: Joan Marion Douglas in *Men in* reaches its 100th on Monday

"Young England."—The London stage is rather English just now with a *Merrie England* and a *Young England* too. The patriotic melodrama, *Young England*, at the Victoria Palace (not to be confused with the *Young England* light opera seen some years ago at Daly's) I found a good deal merrier than *Merrie England*. I imagine it is not intended to be merry at all, except for some ghastly "comic relief," the only part of the entertainment that did not entertain.

The veteran author, Mr. Walter Reynolds, declaimed in a vigorous speech at the fall of the curtain that his mission is to put new life into the British theatre. He has certainly put new life into the Victoria Palace. His drama is so exquisitely right—in that if it had been better it would not have been funny at all, and if it had been worse it would have been too pathetic even to smile at—that it is quite likely to be one of the successes of the season.

When Philostrate, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, sneezed at the play presented by Bottom and Co., and did not recommend it to Theseus and his Court, "unless you can find sport in their intents," the King rebuked him with—

> "I will hear that play:
> For never anything can be amiss
> When simpleness and duty tender it."

That could be quoted against all who find fun in a play not intended to be funny; for, indeed, scoffing at a serious drama is usually a poorish form of sport, and rather a caddish one. But in the case of *Young England* there must be a gracious dispensation. It is irresistible. Simpleness and duty have certainly tendered it; I am, however, grateful to Mr. Reynolds for much more than that, though whether the Boy Scout movement, which figures so prominently in his play, will be equally grateful to him is another matter.

The laughter which greeted the unswervingly patriotic sentiments was perfectly good-humoured and was in no sense a sneer at patriotism itself. If the villain was a scoutmaster, the hero was another one—so that cancels out. Besides, the biggest villain of all was a mayor, in a top-hat and black coat. And when you are bored with the mayor and the scouts—and I can assure you that will not happen—you can learn how a peer talks to his duchess mother and marvel at the house in which they live.

Young England made even me feel as youthful as its eighty-three-year-old author, to whom I offer a merry youngster's congratulations.

AWAITING CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM: A Roman soldier (right) watches over the household of Salathiel, a wealthy Jew, as the authorities fear that the "man of Nazareth" and his followers will cause a disturbance in the city

FATHER AND SON: Salathiel (Basil Radford) and Matthias (Reginald Tate). They are men of conservative views and believe Jesus to be a dangerous upstart

"A MAN'S HOUSE"

Four Scenes from John Drinkwater's Drama of Jewish Life

Left—Esther (Joyce Bland), the blind and embittered daughter of Salathiel, hears the shouts of the multitude as Christ enters Jerusalem. In spite of protests she decides to go to him. *Above*—Esther returns to the house, her sight restored

MRS. SHERRY'S COCKTAIL PARTY to celebrate the opening of her drawing-room as an antique shop. *Left*—CONFESSION: Jacques Clavel (Ivor Novello) reveals to Lady Ventyre (Fay Compton) that he has been secretly married

"MURDER IN MAYFAIR"

Ivor Novello's Latest

"SURELY YOU'VE A SPARK OF DECENCY": Lady Ventyre (right) speaks her mind to the vamp (Edna Best)

"THE ROSE OF LONDON": Jane Shore, who is the subject of a biography by Guy Paget which has just been published by Hutchinson and Co. She married a goldsmith; later an intrigue with Edward IV brought her great power. She was famed for her wit and her kindliness, but after the King's death the Bishop of London subjected her to the indignity of walking in open penance, taper in hand, and dressed only in a kirtle.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre—A First-rate Adventure Story: A War Correspondent's Account of the Foreign Legion: A Publisher's Reminiscences

I GATHER from Messrs. Chatto and Windus that Herr B. Traven has a considerable international reputation, and that the novel to which I am about to direct your attention has already been published in five different languages. So one approaches THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) with the respect due to a firm which handles its publicity pyrotechnics with admirable restraint.

Herr Traven may write in German, but the three hoboes around whom this treasure-hunting story is built are named Dobbs, Curtin and Howard; the whole of the action takes place in the oilfields and mountains of Mexico, and the deeper problem of the book rests upon the instinct for greed which will bind three men into a community of interest although they have hatred and murder in their hearts.

For nearly twelve months Dobbs, Curtin and Howard work feverishly and mechanically at the business of washing up the gold dust they had found. Howard was a hard-bitten old digger with few illusions, but with a greater tolerance, born of the philosophy of experience. Dobbs and Curtin were merely tough, and well equipped with the cunning and resource of the inhabitants of the underworld.

They got on each others' nerves. They got to a point where they knew what the other man was going to say before he had uttered two words; only the fact that the removal of one would ruin the enterprise for the others stopped them from murdering each other, yet when attacked by bandits they displayed remarkable solidarity in resource and bravery.

Incidentally the description of the pillaging and burning of a passenger train by bandits is one of the finest things in this remarkable book.

Having won their treasure through so much hardship, the problem was to get it to a place of safety where they could enjoy it. Bandits, Indians, Government officials, and police lay between them and what is known as civilization. On the way, Howard is importuned by otherwise friendly Indians to remain in a village and heal the sick. Dobbs and Curtin fall out on a proposal to steal and divide the old man's share, whereupon Dobbs brutally shoots Curtin and leaves him for dead. Continuing the journey, Dobbs is set upon and killed by half-breeds, who only want his pack animals and personal effects, and are so ignorant of the value of the "sand" in the saddlebags that they scatter the precious treasure to the four winds.

Here is not only a first-rate adventure story, but a novel with a symbolic purpose as a basis. The style is swift, dramatic, and compelling. The background is real and vivid and is a lesson for all novelists in its economy. In other words it is an outstanding book, of a quality very rare nowadays.

I have said that this novel was originally written in German, and its success in the English language will in no small measure be due to Basil Creighton's translation. There are things in this book which Mr. Creighton must surely have had to transpose rather than to translate, and that he has done it, and at the same time preserved the book's integrity, is worthy of that special commendation which comes the way of too few translators.

Another writer who owes a lot to his translator is Mr. Julian Green, an American who writes in French, and whose new novel, THE DREAMER (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), has been rendered into English by Mr. Vyvyan Holland. Those who have read and enjoyed Mr. Julian Green's novels will realize that his work is full of emotional shading, the full effect of which must be preserved in his style. In this Mr. Green certainly owes a debt of gratitude to his translator.

The Dreamer is not everybody's book, for Mr. Julian Green specializes in psychological drama, and once again chooses as his venue a small French town. Nevertheless, it is an important book and worthy to rank with the author's best.

I closed the pages of MY SHADOW AS I PASS, by Sybil Bolitho (Secker. 7s. 6d.), with the sense of humility and helplessness one gets from the knowledge that life goes on though death seems so final a thing. This book takes the reader into the secret places of a woman's heart, and lays bare with an almost awful intensity the tragedy of severance from a loved one who, while he lived, was to her life itself.

A beautiful and almost unbelievably poignant human document is this book: an Adonais in prose.

That Mr. Louis Golding, the novelist, is a craftsman in a class by himself no one will deny: that he is not more than an ordinarily good short-story writer few will dispute. In THE DOOMINGTON WANDERER (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) there are twenty-two short stories, none of them very good, and none of them very bad. People who like books of short stories will like this one, and people who like Mr. Golding's exercises in observations upon that side of life which he is admirably equipped to depict, will find a great deal in this book to their satisfaction.

Another book of short stories is THE END OF A CHILDHOOD, by Henry Handel Richardson (Heinemann. 7s. 6d). These stories have a definite purpose since they have been written to supplement and to fill in the gaps in this writer's great masterpiece, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney*, which I have seen described as a majestic and lovely book.

People who have not read that great trilogy may not find so much pleasure in *The End of a Childhood* as those who will discover in these stories the same spirit of genius as went to the creation of the work they already know.

Leaving the realm of fiction for a moment I would draw your attention to a little book, HAVING CROSSED THE CHANNEL, by X. Marcel Boulestin (Heinemann. 6s.). As everybody knows, M. Boulestin is not only a famous connoisseur of food and wine, but has a facility for sharing his enjoyment with others.

This book is the record of a rather haphazard journey which took the writer into out-of-the-way places in France, Spain, Bavaria, Holland, and Belgium. There are all sorts of pleasant little touches, such as the description of the dedication of a bull to Charlie Chaplin at a Spanish bull fight, and the collapse of a stand at a Pelota game in the Landes which, it was indubitably proved, was the fault of the *garde champêtre*.

Next time M. Boulestin undertakes this, or anything like this, itinerary I hope he will taste the food and the wine at the Hôtel de la Poste, Avallon; try the other hotel at Périgueux; and make the acquaintance of Madame of the Hôtel Chabrol at Brantôme.

THE ROSE OF LONDON (Hutchinson. 18s.) is the life story of Jane Shore, mistress of King Edward IV and, if we are to believe Major Guy Paget, the greatest public benefactress of her day. In this slightly idealized account of an interesting and turbulent period, the King's paramour stands out—or rather speaks out, since the book is two-thirds dialogue—as almost the only person in England who had a sense of justice and who was unbiassed by any desire for money or authority. Though not all historians will agree with him, Mr. Paget puts his case with the greatest enthusiasm. He has a word for the King, too. "Edward," he says, "was very keen on justice. It was one of the reasons why he was so popular."

SWORD AND SPEAR (Selwyn and Blount. 15s.), is an autobiography by Captain F. H. Mellor, who has soldiered and done administrative jobs all up and down the world, and has a racy style exactly suited to the fund of adventures and good stories with which his narrative is packed.

A fair sample is his description of Ibi: "Where there are four Europeans in the station and eighty-four in the cemetery"; and the story of the soldier who wrote home, "Dear Auntie,—I am now in Palestine where Christ was born. I wish to Christ I was in Manchester where I was born."

You will not only enjoy the gallant captain's adventures but will, I am sure, agree that his excellently reproduced photographs put the finishing touch to a rattling good book.

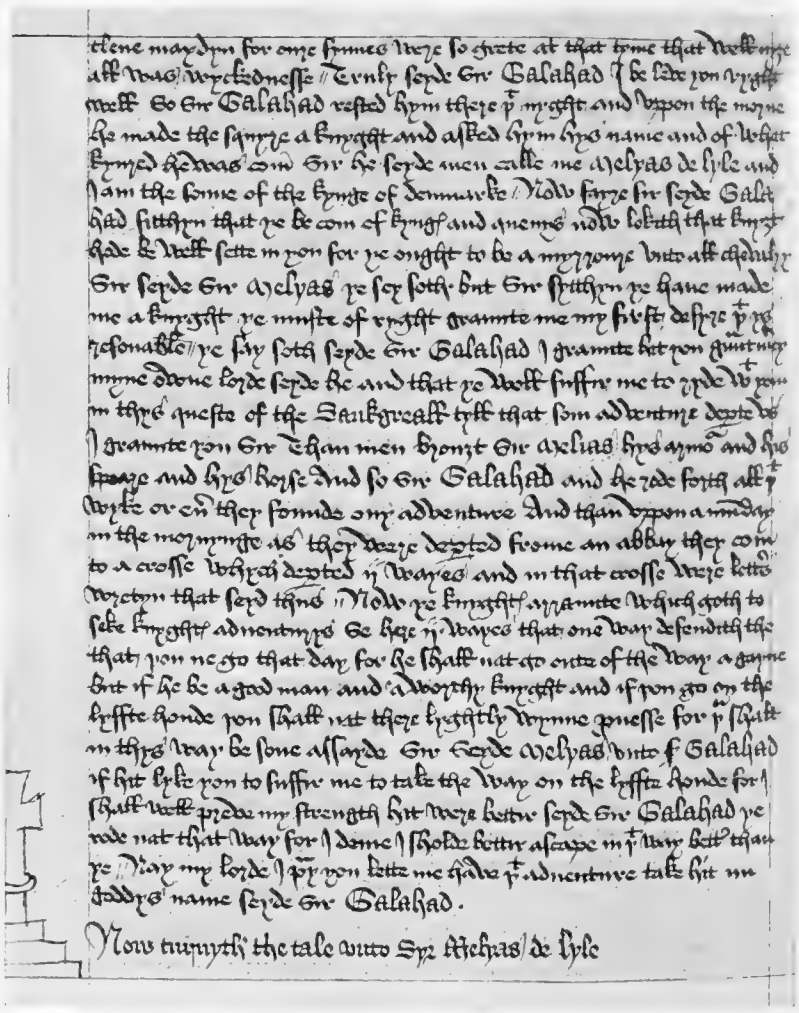
Mr. G. Ward Price is, of course, a famous war correspondent, so that there is an authoritative ring about his IN MOROCCO WITH THE LEGION (Jarrolds. 18s.). The basis of his book is the Legion's campaign against the last stronghold of the Berbers in the Grand Atlas Mountains. Actually it is a well-documented and illustrated record of the constitution and character of one of the world's most famous fighting machines.

As he reveals it, the Legion is no place for a man who cannot adapt himself to iron discipline, the hardest kind of manual labour under the most trying conditions, and for no more reward than he gets from a pitifully small pay and a sense of esprit de corps. Because of these conditions, and because of their inherent unadaptability, Englishmen make bad legionaries. The Germans make the best.

AUTHOR HUNTING (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is another book of reminiscences by Mr. Grant Richards, whose *Memories of a Misspent Youth* we remember as a charming account of the literary and artistic life of the eighties and nineties.

G.B.S. told the author that he should call his book "The Tragedy of the Publisher who Allowed Himself to Fall in Love with Literature." "The publisher who does that . . . is foredoomed." Like most Shavian remarks, that is capable of several interpretations. Mr. Grant Richards may have missed some of the monetary successes in his profession but his love for literature foredoomed him to the friendship of the greatest writers and artists of his age, and his feet have been set in the pleasant paths of culture and creative ability.

On page 442 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.



A LITERARY PROBLEM SOLVED: A page from the manuscript of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*—hitherto only known to exist in printed form—which has been found in the Fellows Library at Winchester College. This discovery is of the greatest interest as it finally establishes which of two men bearing the name of Thomas Malory was the actual author of the work. It also reveals the extent to which Caxton altered the wording of some of the sentences when he produced his printed edition

NATURE THROUGH THE LENS

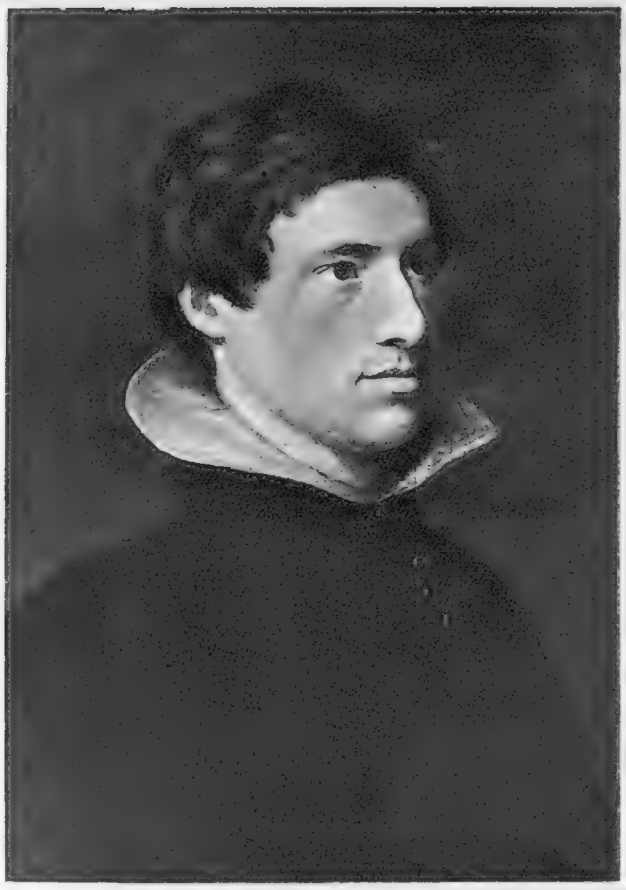
Camera Studies now being Shown at the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society

SPOTTED PUFFER FISH *by Captain Thomas F. Emms:* This weird marine creature, which is largely found off the Atlantic coast of the United States, is so named because it can inflate its body with air

JAY AT NEST *by Eric J. Hosking, A.R.P.S.:* These common but beautifully marked birds are extremely shy, building their basket-like nests as high as possible above the ground. They have five or six offspring

HEN MISTLE-THRUSH FEEDING YOUNG, *by W. W. Nicholas, F.R.P.S.:* The most remarkable feature about these birds is the earliness at which they breed, often nesting in February or the beginning of March. They are sometimes called "storm-cocks" owing to their habit of singing from the topmost branches of trees during boisterous weather

KITTIWAKES, *by T. Russell Goddard, F.L.S.:* During infancy these members of the gull family are usually called tarrocks. They are brought up in a nest of seaweed and grass built on a ledge of a lofty cliff. The adults are good swimmers and divers, and feed largely on fish



From a portrait by William Hazlitt

From a portrait by Washington Allston

"IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED": Charles Lamb (*left*) and Samuel Taylor Coleridge (*right*) who met as schoolboys and remained friends for the rest of their lives. They both died in 1834, each in his way having exerted a profound influence upon English literature. In addition to these portraits the present centenary exhibition contains many pictures of their contemporaries

FRANCES MARIA KELLY: A drawing by Thomas Uwins of the brilliant actress who played at Drury Lane for thirty-five years with unabated popularity. She was a friend of the Lambs, and reluctantly refused an offer of marriage by Charles

ALFRED AINGER: George du Maurier's water-colour of the erudite Canon of Bristol and Master of the Temple, who wrote a biography of Charles Lamb and edited editions of his essays, poems, and letters. He died in 1904

From a portrait by William Palmer

AMOS SIMON COTTLE: A translator of Icelandic poetry. His brother, a Bristol publisher, produced a beautiful first edition of *Lamb's Lyrical Ballads* at a considerable loss

From a portrait by William Hilton

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT POET: John Clare, the son of a farm labourer, whose descriptions of rural scenes brought him fame. He met Coleridge and Lamb in 1824

LAMB and COLERIDGE

Literary Giants and Life-long Friends whose Centenaries are being Jointly Commemorated in an Exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery

"THIS exhibition not only marks the close of the lives—one can hardly say careers in connection with such unworldly men—of two of the most individual and interesting figures in English literature, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the romantic poet, metaphysician and critic, and Charles Lamb, the author of the *Elia* essays, but it celebrates also one of the most notable and enduring of friendships. Coleridge, who was born in 1772, went to Christ's Hospital in July, 1782; and Lamb, who was born in 1775, joined him there in the following October. How soon they found each other we do not know; but once the contact was made, it was for ever."

In these few words Mr. E. V. Lucas makes clear the main motive of this exhibition which must inevitably prove of outstanding interest to book-lover and art-lover alike.

Within the walls of the National Portrait Gallery are gathered pictures not only of the two friends but of the men and women who made up their brilliant circle.

There are Thomas Clarkson, opponent of slavery; Thomas de Quincey, who aimed at the same reforms in prose as Coleridge did in verse; Benjamin Haydon, the painter whom Lamb did so much to encourage; Thomas Hood, the poet; William Hone, the publisher, whose ventures failed with such regularity; Frances Maria Kelly, the actress; and a host of others. Only to look at their portraits and to read the brief notes about them revitalizes for anyone of imagination one of the most outstanding periods in English literature.

Charles Lamb

1775—Born in London.
1782–9—Educated at Christ's Hospital.
1792—Obtained a post in the India House.
1796—Death of his mother at the hands of his sister Mary during an attack of insanity.
1807—Published with his sister the *Tales from Shakespeare*.
1808—Published *Specimens of Dramatic English Poets*.
1820–22—*Essays of Elia*.
1825—Retired from the India House.
1834—Died at Edmonton.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

1772—Born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire.
1782–90—Educated at Christ's Hospital.
1791–93—Jesus College, Cambridge.
1797—Wrote *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*.
1798–9—Travelled in Germany with Wordsworth.
1800—Settled at Keswick with Wordsworth's family.
1803—Became a slave to opium.
1808–13—Lectured in London on Shakespeare and other poets.
1816—Put himself in the hands of Dr. Gillman of Highgate in an effort to combat the opium habit.
1828—Published his Collected Works
1834—Died at Highgate.

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Harrods

INGENIOUS DRESSING CASES

Handsome though the exterior of a Harrods Dressing Case may be it gives but a slight indication of the excellence of the accessories within, and hides an amazing compactness which will save many precious minutes and, maybe, many a heartache. Here are two interesting examples from an extensive collection.

Aid for the improvident male

7 GNS

MAN'S DRESSING CASE.—Hazel Pigskin lined Leather. Case contains three Ivory Brushes, Shaving Outfit, Mirror, Comb, Manicure Requisites, etc., and chromium-plated box for sundries. Size $12\frac{1}{4} \times 7 \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ ins.
With Metal Mirror, £6 . 15

—for a very discriminating lady!

18 GNS

LADY'S FITTED DRESSING CASE in Rawhide Leather, lined Rayon. The fittings, which include Brush Set and six Toilet Bottles, are beautifully enamelled on silver deposit. In shades of Blue or Green, other colours to order. Size 22 × 14 × 7 ins.
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SOUTH AFRICA—

LAND of GOOD HOPE

The lofty pediment which crowns the frontage of South Africa House in Trafalgar Square, London, bears a carving in stone of an old-time vessel of sail named Good Hope. The symbol is linked historically with the foundations of South Africa—*Land of Good Hope*—and it is apposite to the present-day conditions in this Dominion.

There, happily, prosperity, faith and optimism prevail. There, too, travel of unspoiled charm may well unfold new vistas of opportunity and interest.

We are booking Good Hope Tours to South Africa for the coming Winter. The return steamer fares range from £30 to £90. May we send you our special programme of sailings and inclusive costs? Apply: Director, Union Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, and ask for "Good Hope Tours."

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

FROM "THE SPHERE" POST-BAG

Letters and Pictures Sent in by Readers Abroad

THE PANGANS: Nomads of Malaya

Jungle Wanderers

The Pangans are one of the strangest races in the world and are among the few peoples who have no use for money. When they can be prevailed upon to do a job they will accept no financial reward, but are quite content with a little rice and a little tobacco. If they receive more than their day's rations they usually run away, being suspicious of generosity. By instinct they are nomadic, seldom remaining in one place for more than a fortnight. When on the march they keep to the Malayan forest tracks and avoid the towns, living on wild fruit, roots, and birds. The last named they shoot with arrows through their long blowpipes.

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim Explains

TO THE EDITOR, "THE SPHERE"

Dear Sir,—I have read with much pleasure and sympathetic interest the article in THE SPHERE of September 1, by your correspondent on Monte Carlo. I agree with every word he writes as to the enterprise shown by the Société des Bains de Mer in providing entertainment for visitors, and especially with regard to the golf links which I play on whenever I have the chance with the greatest appreciation. I am also, however, Vice-President of the Cagnes Golf Club, and I cannot permit what—from our point of view—is a very unfortunate mis-statement of your correspondent to pass unnoticed. He says that upon the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to the Riviera last summer he was taken to Mougins, which was closed, and to Cagnes, where only six holes were open. Nothing of the sort happened. The Prince arrived alone and unheralded, and played the full eighteen holes with Captain Rattigan, secretary of the club, and the junior professional. He expressed himself surprised and delighted with the quality and condition of the links, and congratulated the club upon their enterprise in keeping the full course open, considering the difficulties which prevail in the summer season. The full eighteen holes are open to-day as they have been throughout the year, and are played over every day by visitors and members. Considering the sacrifices the club has made to establish itself as an all-the-year-round club, I feel sure you will not think we are asking too much in begging you to correct Mr. Graves' error. I am sure Mr. Graves himself is too good a sportsman not to wish for the removal of any misapprehension which his error may have created.

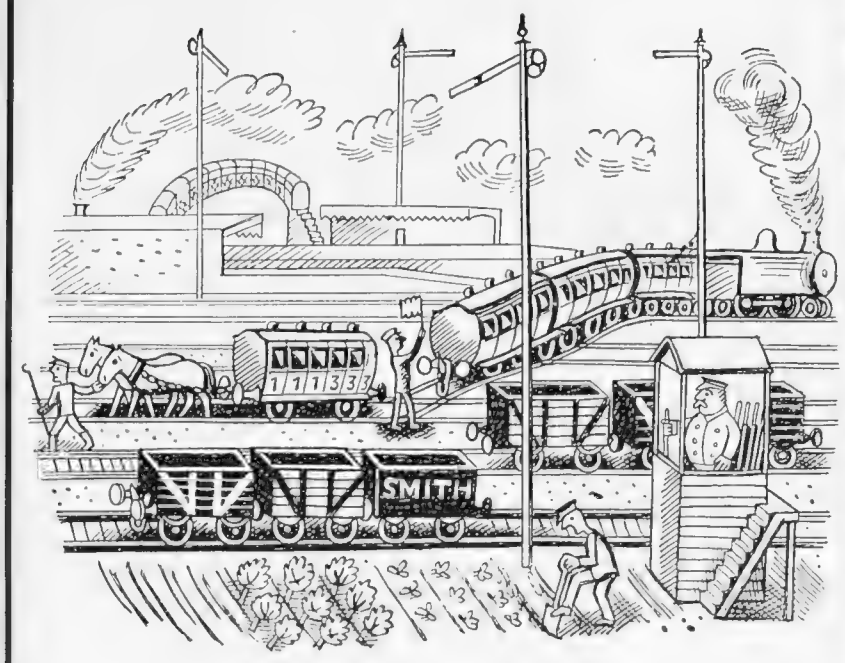
Faithfully yours,
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

The Mocoa Indians

These people belong to a sub-tribe of the dangerous and war-like Motilone Indians. They are very primitive and live in small settlements in the fastnesses of the little-known Sierra de Perijá—the range which forms the international boundary between Venezuela and Colombia. Expert shots with bow and arrow, their principal food is monkeys and large birds of the turkey family, together with yams, yuen, maize, and plantains. They have no beds, and sleep on the floors of their huts on "esteras" or rush mats.

Both men and women are fond of painting their faces, whilst the women also adorn themselves with hard seeds, gathered from the neighbouring forests, which they make into necklaces. The route to the Mocoa settlements, from the lowland savannah through the jungle-clad mountains, is arduous in the extreme, and the journey must be made on foot since the faint Indian trail plunges into deep valleys and across steep heights. The jungle is infested with ticks, stinging ants, spiders, jaguars, tapir, wild pig, monkeys, and many kinds of birds.

HE EATS MONKEYS: A Mocoa Indian of Venezuela



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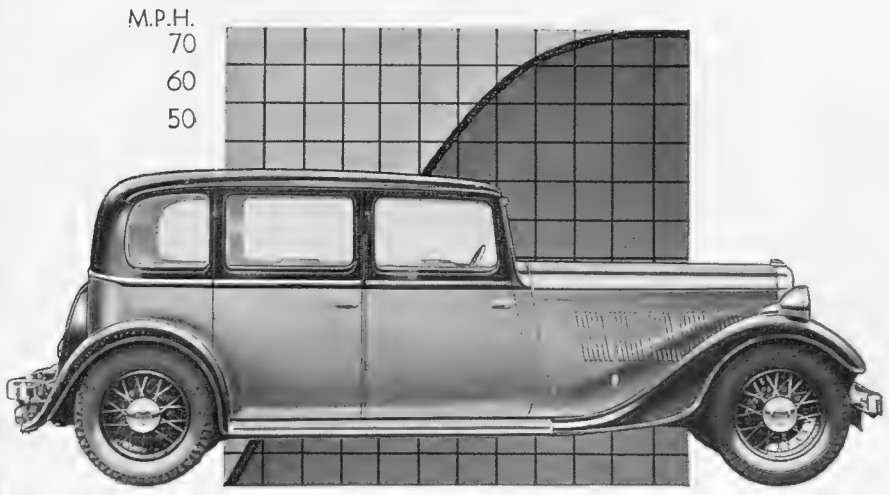

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ACCELERATION	ROVER 10	ROVER 14
from standstill to 50 m.p.h.	19-2/5 secs.	17-1/2 secs.
SPEED - - - -	66.7 m.p.h.	69 m.p.h.
BRAKING - - - -	100%	100%

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(a road test of the new Rover 12 will appear shortly)

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CVS—104

A MODEL DOCKLAND HIGHWAY

(Continued from p. 424)

main artery, was only 22 ft. wide in places, and the swing bridge over the Tidal Basin entrance was only wide enough for one lorry at a time. Level crossings gave infinite trouble, sometimes having to be closed to road traffic for three-quarters of every hour, during which queues over a hundred vehicles in length would collect.

For years the various authorities have been urged to put matters right, but it is rather difficult to blame them for delays when one considers the enormous difficulties and expense that had to be faced. In 1927, the Ministry of Transport was finally persuaded to fulfil its half-made pledges of 1924, and in March of that year Mr. Baldwin, who was then Prime Minister, announced that the Government had approved of the Victoria Dock Road scheme and would advance a grant on the basis of 75 per cent. of its approved cost. That was £3,000,000 sterling, and it was anticipated that the work would take three years, but so much had to be done that it was not until early in 1930 that the actual work commenced. It began with the sweeping away of 500 slum dwellings, but a new estate of 600 houses was established about a mile away, quite close enough for labour to reach the docks without difficulty, on land provided by the Port of London Authority and the Corporation of West Ham. This being done, the construction of the road proceeded steadily, and so great was the need that it was used as it was completed, without waiting for the official opening. The secondary scheme, a 500-yard viaduct carrying the traffic over Connaught Road and the London and North Eastern Railway's level crossing, is still some distance from completion.

The new road is only a mile and a half in length, but it is estimated to reduce the time of vehicles of normal speed between the docks and the City by an hour or more, which represents an enormous sum in sterling every year. It runs from the East India Dock Road to the docks. A new bridge spans the River Lea with greatly improved approaches, and the narrow bridge over the railway at Canning Town has been reconstructed and widened. From there the road swings round in a fine curve up to 140 ft. in width at the turn and then runs for nearly a mile over a straight viaduct, 60 ft. wide, bridging roads, railways, and all other obstructions which formerly meant so much delay.

This viaduct passes over two level crossings and seven streets, with a magnificent single-span concrete bridge over the entrance to the Tidal Basin. It is designed to stand the strain of lorries weighing anything up to 100 tons, should they come into use in the future, while the parapets have been designed with extraordinary strength to avoid any chance of vehicles out of control going over into the two 27-ft. secondary roads at a lower level on either side of the viaduct from which the side streets are served. Two spur roads connect the present Victoria Dock Road with the viaduct which finally joins the North Woolwich Road by means of a gradient.

The obvious advantages of this great work, and the manner in which it has proved possible to overcome difficulties, is encouraging further schemes for the improvement of the approaches to other parts of London's docks. The authorities are now proceeding to cut a new road from Bridge Road to West India Dock Road, with two bridges, which would relieve Garford Street, Poplar, of its present traffic congestion. The two bridges over the old Limehouse entrances to the West India Docks, no longer needed by shipping, are being reconstructed as permanent structures and plans are being prepared for a new bridge at Millwall to be placed inside the lock gates to minimize the delays at that point. Also, the growing importance of the coaster companies to London's trade—and most of them maintain lorry fleets—suggests further improvements to the approaches of the upper docks—London and St. Katherine's—in addition to the wharves with which the river is there lined.

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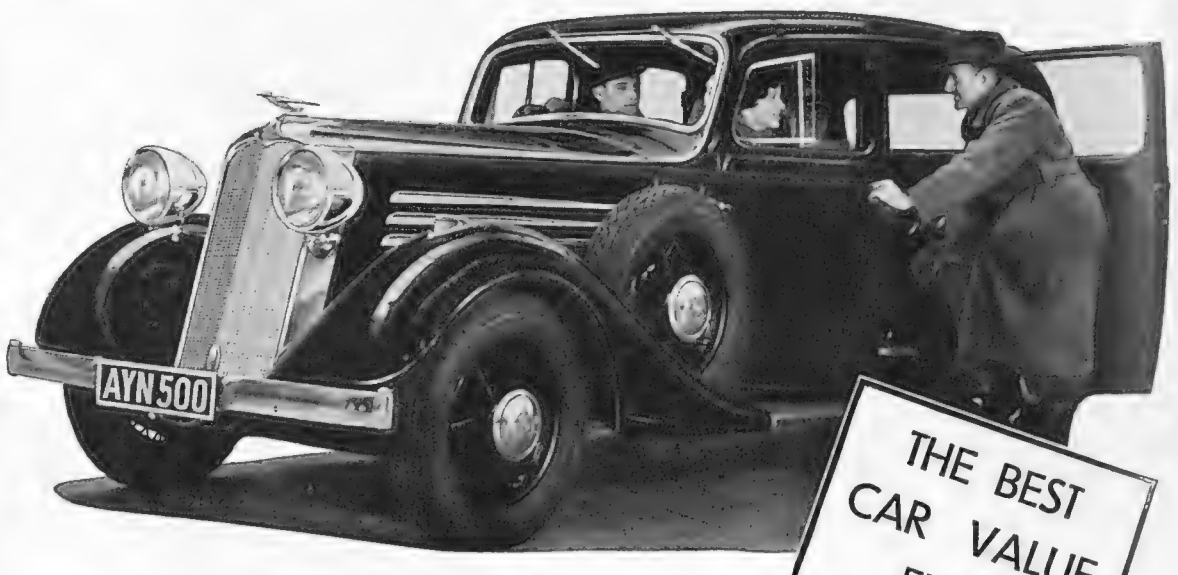

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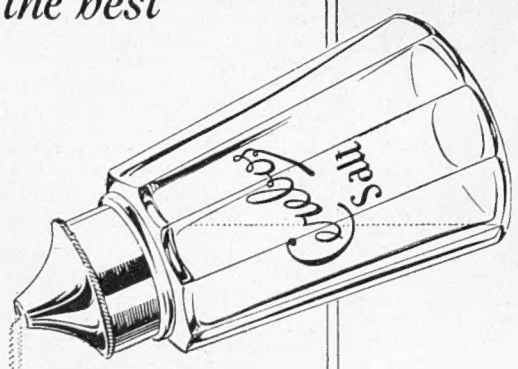

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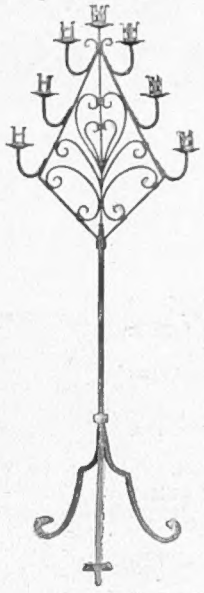

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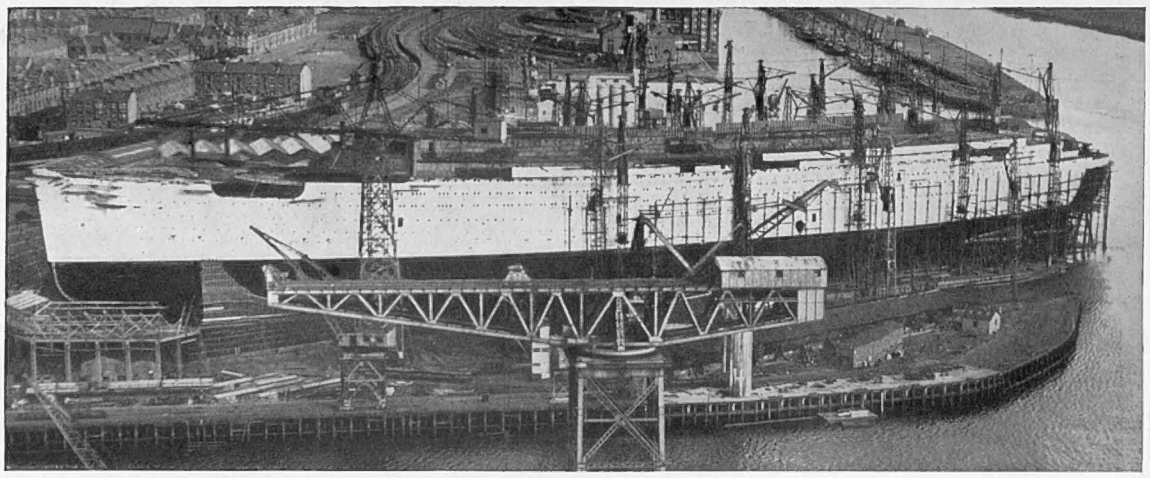

THE LAUNCHING OF No. 534

A Further Article on the Arrangements which have been made for Next Week's Ceremony

THE actual launching time of the great Cunarder will perhaps be 120 seconds, but it will be the longest two minutes in the life of anybody connected with the work. Every launch is fraught with anxiety, but this enormous ship taking the narrow waters of the Clyde is by far the worst ever, far worse than launching the French *Normandie* of approximately equal size into the bay at St. Nazaire. The only case approaching it was the launch of H.M.S. *Hood* from the same slip, but her length was only 810 ft. against over 1,000, although the experience then gained is of the very greatest value in making the calculations for the new ship. And there are any number to be made.

The first is the exact incline of the slipway, for the angle at which the big ship is built must not be allowed to strain her either during construction or at the launch, and the inclination must give her just the right speed, calculated at every point of her progress towards the water, for every point introduces a new strain. Then come the bearing areas of the two surfaces, the standing ways built into the land and the sliding ways or heavy wooden cradle which has been constructed round her for the launch, between which tons of tallow have been placed to ensure her sliding smoothly.

When the historic *Great Eastern* was built on the Thames in 1857, broadside on to the stream instead of end-on in the usual way, iron ways were used. Brunel was terrified that she would charge into the opposite bank of the river, so fitted huge brakes with iron chains and checked her way when she had only moved a few feet. The brakes were immediately released, but the two iron parts had gripped and she could not be moved for many months. The delay and extra expense ruined her original owners and she was bought cheaply for a service for which she was never designed and on which she was the greatest failure in history. Every possible precaution has been taken to prevent such a thing happening with the new ship, for even crashing into the mud is preferable to sticking halfway on and halfway off the slipway, where she would break her back.

THE moment of greatest anxiety is when the stern of the ship is water-borne, all the more buoyant by its cruiser shape, and the bow is still on the ways. This means a terrific pressure on the wooden structure that has been built round and high up the bow of the ship. Just what this pressure will be, the experts of Messrs. John Brown's shipyard have been working out for months past, and the results of their calculations have not been published, but it will probably be nearer 10,000 than 5,000 tons. In addition it is not constant but changes as the stern lifts, and if the wind tends to swing the after part of the ship up or down stream, or to press it over, the pressure is colossal. The woodwork of this structure is of the very finest craftsmanship, and it will be smashed and crushed to pieces in a matter of seconds. There is more fine work inside the ship, hidden from observers, to strengthen her against a far greater strain than she will ever be called upon to bear in the worst hurricanes on the Atlantic.

ONCE the bow is clear of the slipway she must be slightly slewed into the River Cart on the opposite side of the Clyde which has been of great value to John Brown's yard, since they have been building huge ships such as were never dreamed of when the yard was constructed. In the early days ships of 5,000 and 6,000 tons were considered giants. And while 534 is being slewed she must also be stopped, for the expensive dredging operations have only deepened the Cart to a point 6 ft. beyond the stopping mark which gives her very little clearance from the foot of the slip. Her enormous weight, taking the water at twelve miles an hour or more, must be stopped within a very few feet.

The slewing and stopping operations are combined, largely by means of huge piles of chain at intervals alongside the slipway, made fast to ring-bolts in the side of the ship by means of stout wires. Absolutely nothing is left to chance; the weight of each chain is calculated to a link, the length of each wire to a foot, that they may take the strain one after another at just the right moment, while the position and coiling of each pile of chain is a matter of the most careful thought in order that each may exert exactly the stopping strain expected of it, not a ton more or less. Finally the ship's anchors are hanging at her bows ready to let go.

The moment she is completely afloat the tugs will make fast, and a muffed rope or missed heaving-line is liable to have serious effects in spite of the number employed. The Clyde tugs include some of the finest in the country for the work for which they are designed, but launches of 1,000-ft. liners are not sufficiently frequent for tugs to be designed specially for them, and some of the most powerful in the country are being sent up to Glasgow from other centres to help.

Another great anxiety for the shipyard people is the wave that the ship may raise in taking the water, very difficult to calculate owing to the uncertainty of the tidal and water conditions. When Her Majesty, then Duchess of York, launched H.M.S. *Albion* at Blackwall, nearly forty years ago, the wave carried away a stage and drowned a number of people. The utmost possible precautions are being taken to prevent anything of the sort happening on this occasion, but the greatest difficulty that is anticipated is to keep the eager onlookers clear of the marked-off danger areas in the fields on the opposite side of the river.

F. C. B.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

B., Singapore (Journey to England via Australia and South America).—The Royal Packet Navigation Company have a bi-monthly sailing from Batavia to Sydney, calling at ports in British New Guinea, the New Hebrides, and New Caledonia. There is a good service of boats between Sydney and New Zealand, but if your port of arrival at the latter is Wellington you should endeavour to make Auckland your port of departure so that you can make the overland journey between the two towns and thus see the wonderful National Park and Rotorua. To reach Valparaiso you would have to travel to Panama, and there transfer to one of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company or Grace Line boats. The Pan-American Grace Airways operate a service between Santiago and Buenos Aires every Tuesday and Saturday, the fare being 100 American dollars, the journey taking about eight hours. From Buenos Aires you could travel to England by one of the intermediate services of the Blue Star Line. These boats carry twelve passengers and call at Santos, Rio de Janeiro, and Teneriffe. The name and address for which you ask is The Official Steamship Guide, Monadnock Building, 681, Market Street, San Francisco, the subscription being six dollars, and single copies 1 dollar and 50 cents.

M., Ireland (Hotels in England).—Hydros on the South Coast include the Linden Hall Hydro, Bournemouth, the Hydro, Eastbourne, and the Hydro at Torquay. You would find excellent facilities at all three towns for tennis and swimming.

O., Worcs. (Cruises).—You are probably referring to the cruise of the *Ulysses* of the Blue Funnel Line, which leaves Liverpool on September 22 for a four-months' cruise to the Mediterranean, East Indies, Australia, returning via South Africa—an exceptionally interesting and popular trip. However, another cruise with a great deal of interest is that of the *Hilary* of the Booth Line, which leaves Liverpool on October 9 and again on December 8, and alternate months thereafter, for a six-weeks' cruise to Brazil and up the river Amazon, calling at Portugal and Madeira en route.

D., Perth (Egypt and Cyprus).—Cairo is a gay and fashionable city during the winter months and there is not the least likelihood of your finding it dull. The climate is hot and sunny, but it can be chilly after sundown, particularly in January, so that you would find a warm wrap useful for evening wear. Sun helmets are never worn in the winter, though hats should have shady brims. Two good pensions in Cairo are Cromer House, 32, Sharia Soliman Pasha, and the White House, 14, Sharia el-Amir Fuad, Gezira. You could travel out by the Orient Line, and as their boats call at Majorca and Naples, you could quite conveniently make a few weeks' stay in either place. Cyprus can be reached from Port Said by the Khedivial Mail Line.

H., Sussex (Channel Isles, Scilly Isles, and Torquay).—The Channel Islands have a mild winter climate, and many people who do not wish to winter in England, and are unable to go abroad, spend the colder months of the year in Jersey. You would probably find the Scilly Isles extremely quiet during winter, and the crossing from Penzance can be very rough indeed. If you wish to visit this part of England we would suggest Torquay, which has a pleasant, mild winter climate, and where you will find plenty of entertainment and company.

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*September 22, 1934*. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.